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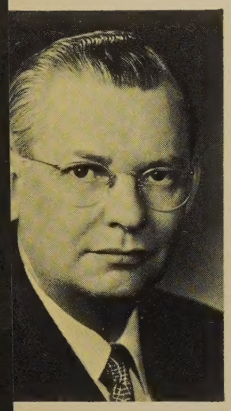
A Nation Needs to Pray



By ROBERT B. ANDERSON

While in Washington, D.C., as Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Eisenhower, Methodist layman Robert B. Anderson wrote and read this original poem before the National Cathedral Association. This month, as we pause to commemorate American independence, it is a fitting reminder of our religious heritage.

A nation needs to pray:
For things it has—
For things it has not earned,
For gifts from men now dead, some dead
So long ago we never knew they lived.
Their hopes and dreams,
Their genius and their sweat
Now molded into wood and sculptured stone,
Iron and steel
And countless things we cannot sense
But by awareness of an ordered scheme
That had to come
From minds and plans and hopes
And struggle to reality.

A nation needs to pray:
For what will come out of a time
Unknowingly beyond
Obscured by present tasks and inabilities,
Scarcely glimpsed by imagination,
Yet struggled toward and with a certainty
Beyond our reach except for fragments,
Parts of patterns, tossed into our paths
That lead us to believe we view the whole;
And viewing, pray that we may be
Spared confusion, and avoid futility;
That we may dream of the inaccessible,
And touch the possible.

A nation needs to pray:
That in humility we see that greatness
Is not measured by industrial grandeur,
Or destiny achieved by things we touch,
By things produced, nor things consumed,
Nor things we set afloat upon the sea,
Nor send into the air,
Nor delving down, gouged out of earth;
Nor is it known by tower set on tower
Groping for a finite place in infinity
Nor by any other things
That man may proudly say
Were made by mind or hand.

All these we take, or make
In gratitude—with thanks
For what was added to us by the past,
Or by our contemporaries,
Out of substance that was part of earth
As we, before we became articulate.

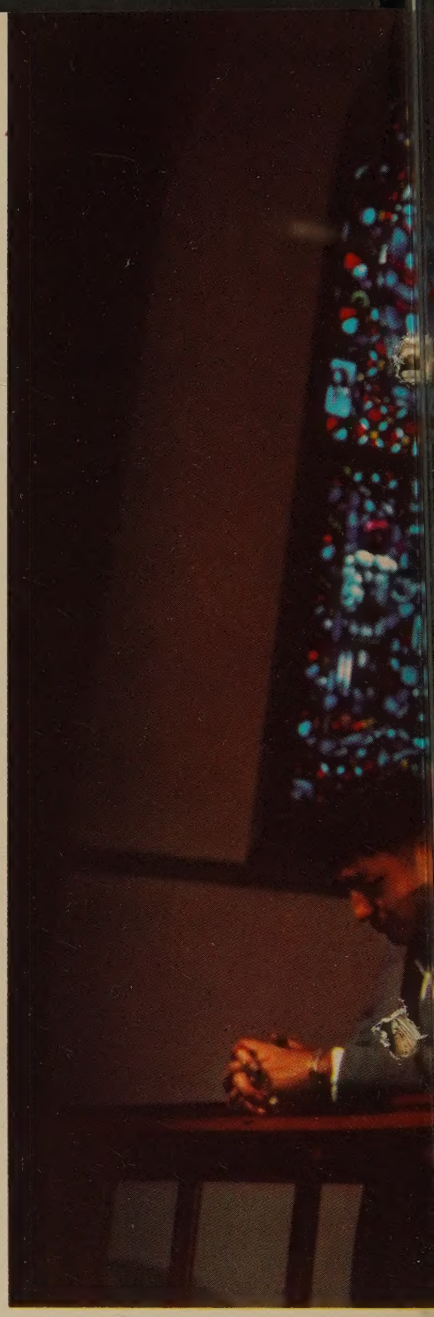
These things we do that men
May eat and sleep—may work and rest,
And have a separateness.
And yet when all is done, we still shall seek
To yet define that which is humanity,
That quality that makes of mass,
And flesh, and good and bad,
A nation: That needs to pray.

What occupies our time?
What thoughts fill our minds and make
Innumerable demands
On limited intelligence?
What thoughts come
In the darkness of the night,
When sleep evades us, and specters march
Down mental avenues of thought,
To challenge what our place on earth may be?

How brought to awe are we by history's wars!
Fought for causes that men hold dear
Yet still dispute;
Wrought by power, ambition, expansion,
Or the need
To hold these in abeyance that others
May survive.

How we cling to things called institutions;
So frequently the name assumed by rationality;
How we are bound to customs of long use,
Defying what we know is best for now,
And blinding us to that which would enlarge
The quality that makes us each distinct,
Yet part of all—new faiths and new beliefs.

How preoccupied is man with progress;
With new homes and factories,
Devices that spare work,
Machines that humble speed and
Challenge light,
And a hundred thousand things to use,
Or be used by.
How right it is to give a proper place
To those material things which free the mind,
And point indeed to other worlds beyond,



Yet all man's goods have value only in regar
To man's real worth as man.

How greatly we concern ourselves with chan
Cling to the old chair—keep with sentiment
Each remembrance of vanished youth.
Ground becomes hallowed by age
And experience,
And each new building tears away a part
Of history's accumulation, left
Wherever men have put their mark on time
Still every space that we advance
From antiquity to eternity is change.
What forces challenge
The constancy of our march!

How many things divide us!
Color, creed,
A different faith or tongue, geography;
The customs and the habits of our land,
A heritage as much a part of us
As flesh and bone;
Yet all the time we seek to find the things
That will unite us; some universality
That spans our differences.

"Our free world holds the sanctuary of the hope of man for freedom on this earth against the forward drive of ruthless power."

abor to produce by rule and plan,
reaty and documents, what we fail
ractice and in precept to lay down.

in our search for common truths,
equently we translate these truths to mean
: others must conform
hat we hold is best,
rdless of their own inheritance.
that which we most highly prize:
freedoms, our democracy, our way of life
would export neatly packaged,
e use it, and fail to understand
others would adjust that which we see,
in the trappings of our fathers,
eir own accustomed usages.

out of all that troubles us,
rd solutions that clarify
not confound us
re shall we seek the answer?
shall peace be made a practice
not a principle?
make justice a world reality?
minimize the frailties of man's rule
And live by the rule of law?
How shall we reckon with the forces of energy,
When for the first time in man's history,
We have in sight the possibility of
Freeing man to exert his own creativeness,
Rather than to toil under the dictatorship
Of need and want?

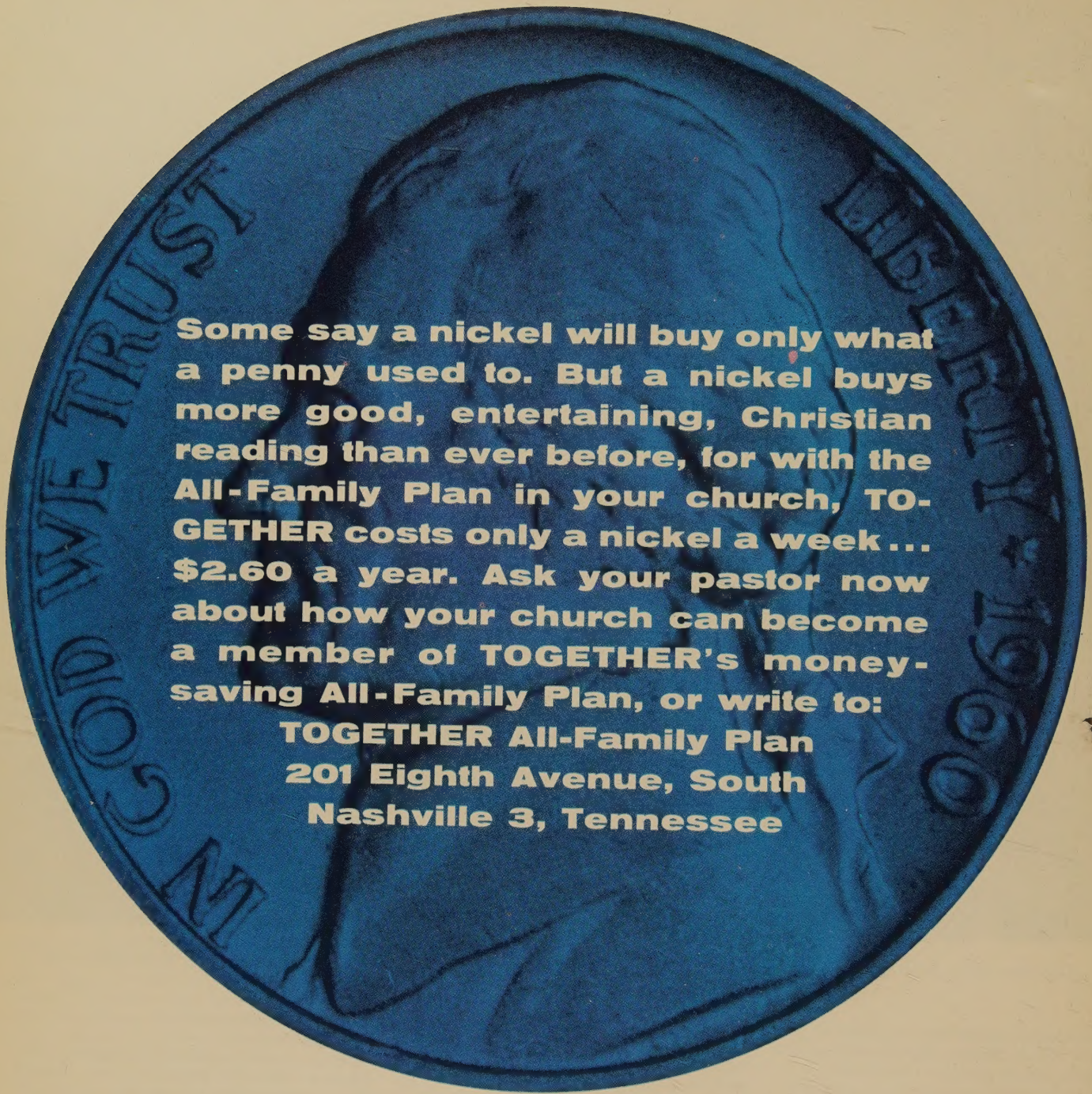
With such enchanting possibilities
Have we the means and the ability to
Avoid the use of energy to destroy?

No other question has this urgency;
No other men have faced the fearful choice
That history, pausing, places in our hands.
Yet first must come our own assured defense,
Not merely of our land and of our ways,
Not merely to protect our lives
Or what we hold as dear,
But in the knowledge that our free world holds
The sanctuary of the hope of man,
For freedom on this earth,
For the avoidance of world's dictatorship,
Against the forward drive of ruthless power,
Of godless men, denying human worth.

So for all its awesomeness,
For all its destructiveness,
There is a moral purpose for the bomb;
There is a reason for its terror,
There is a need that will exist
Until we find the yet obscured
Concern of man for man.

Time might provide the leaven for us all,
But we do not have the time to wait;
Too closely press
The possibilities of destruction;
Too cumulative
Are the consequences of continued waste;
Too fragile are the qualities of mortality.

With all these imponderables,
Beyond the scope of mind and hand,
Our greatest need is:
For a wisdom that transcends our own;
For a devotion that insures
There is no instant of neglect.
For that, wherein is held
The fate of all. This nation
Needs to pray.



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Pacific Japanese Conference Opens

Thoughts on Integration will occupy the hour of sharing which opens the 1961 annual sessions of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference June 20 at Wesley Center, Oakland. The theme refers to the projected union of PJPC churches in 1964 with the several, regular annual conferences of the Western Jurisdiction.

Dr. Taro Goto of Lodi, superintendent of the PJPC which now has 31 churches in the western states, said the intergration plans would be discussed by three groups: ministers, Japanese speaking laymen, and English speaking laymen, at the Conference.

Dr. Taro Goto

A special preaching mission is scheduled for June 21 with Hoitsu Kimura, chairman of the board of directors of Kwansei Gakuin near Kobe, one of the largest universities in Japan. Kimura is in America as a special envoy of the city of Nishinomiya Spokane, Wash., to make the two cities "sister cities." For English speaking groups, Willard Rand, program counselor for the California-Nevada Conference, will speak.

Official business sessions of the conference do not start until June 22 after Bishop Donald H. Tippett presides at a 9:00 a.m. communion service.

West Tenth Church of Oakland, host to the sessions, will sponsor the traditional conference banquet June 22. On the following evening a group of three-year contract laborers from Japan, among whom the PJPC is conducting an evangelistic program, will be heard in a service of testimonials. A Nisei group will be addressed by Dr. Nichols of Downs Memorial Church, Oakland.

Other speakers include Dr. Carl Stocking, program director of the California-Nevada Conference; Dr. Clifford Crummey, superintendent of the Golden Gate District; and Dr. Durwood Foster, Pacific School of Religion professor.

On Sunday, June 25, Dr. Goto will give the Japanese interpretation of Bishop Tippett's conference sermon, followed by ordination ceremonies and the reading of appointments.

Cal.-Nevada Conference

Now in progress at Stockton (June 13-18), proceedings of the 113th annual session of the California-Nevada Conference will be reported in the August issue of the *Area News Edition*. Bishop Tippett is presiding at the Conference.

—YOUR EDITORS

Japan Work Party

A work party of 16 from the Wesley Foundation at the University of California will fly to Japan June 20 to give three weeks of labor to the construction of the Kagawa Memorial Center in Kobe.

William D. Porter, director of the Foundation, and Mrs. Porter will conduct the college group, which represents several churches of the conference. During their travels the company will meet with Japanese student groups, missionaries, and church leaders in Tokyo, Nagoya, Kyoto, Osaka, and other centers. They will be in Heroshima on August 6, anniversary of the atomic bombing of the city. The return trip will be by sea with arrival in San Francisco scheduled for September 3.

Mrs. Ted F. Baun and Mrs. Thomas H. Oda, WSCS presidents of the California-Nevada and Pacific-Japanese Provisional conferences, respectively, were honored at the annual California-Nevada spring meeting at U of P. For Mrs. Baun, left, a scrapbook depicting 12 years in WSCS offices; a life membership for Mrs. Oda.

Wesley Foundation Japan work party. First row, left to right: Dick Donan, Glendale; Norman Smith, Concord; Bud Whitney, El Sobrante. Second row, Mrs. Porter, Berkeley; Alva Ann Lynch, San Francisco; Gordon Nagai, Atwater; Judy McGrew, Palo Alto; Pat Pillard, San Mateo; Byron McCulley, Hollister. Back row, Beverly Hargis, San Antonio, Texas; Richard Lohman, Bakersfield; Barbara Nagai, Alhambra; Jean Aldrich, Bakersfield Terry Gleason, Del Paso Heights.

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Cal-Nevada and PJPC delegates to Christian Social Concerns convocation (from left): James McGiffin, Los Altos; Richard Hart, Bakersfield; Robert Moon, Fresno; Casper Horikoshi, Sacramento; Glenn Fuller, San Jose; and Harper Sakaue, Reedley.

Showcase Visits Mother Lode Scenes

Yellow was from daffodils, not from "dust," on the Amador County hills when the 1961 Showcase of Methodist History was held on April 28 at Jackson.

The annual Hugh Jamieson award for the best local church history published during the year was won by Trinity Church, Bakersfield, written by Mrs. Lloyd Lee.

The history fans assembled in Jackson. At 10 a.m. a caravan of 16 cars went to Mokelumne Hill, once one of the largest, liveliest Mother Lode camps. It was headquarters for a large circuit which covered Amador and part of Calaveras Counties. The historians spent no time on the many Joaquin Murieta legends that linger here. They went at once to the little white church. It was built in the 1850's with money gathered by a godly woman who, armed with a miner's gold pan, took her stand beside the trail and collected dust and nuggets from miners coming from their claims.

Historical Society President Fred Busher preached here when a student at the College of the Pacific. From "Mok Hill' the cavalcade went to Pine Grove, Volcano, and on to Drytown and Fiddletown, Amador City and Sutter Creek. Then the "Cathedral of the Mother Lode" was visited. This imposing brick Gothic structure is at Ione.

The hosts of the day were the Rev. Gilbert Vieira and his Jackson-Sutter Creek parish, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McLaughlin. The McLaughlins received especial commendation because of their famed Daffodil Hill, which was visited on the afternoon itinerary. In 1887 a Scottish family settled on a large ranch a few miles from Jackson. They made it a way station for travelers. The huge barn and the farm house still stand there. Their children, two daughters and son Jesse, have made it a landmark. On these rolling hills of Amador County they have planted over 200,000 bulbs.

Front and center is the new Conference WSCS president, Mrs. Russell Scothorn of Castro Valley. She is flanked, left and right, respectively, by Mrs. J. R. Carrell of Fresno, mission secretary, and Mrs. Clyde Leffler of Sparks, Nevada, treasurer. Standing, left to right: Mrs. E. M. Crigler of Stockton, supply work secretary; Mrs. L. H. Schierenbeck of Berkeley, Christian social relations chairman; and Mrs. Jack Faber of Oakland, recording secretary of the Conference Society.

Concerns Committee Acts

Opposition to any government's "unilateral military intervention in the internal affairs" of Cuba or Laos or other nations has been voiced by the executive committee of the General Board of Christian Social Concerns of The Methodist Church, in Washington, D.C.

The committee acted after 800 delegates to the National Convocation on Christian Social Concerns voted not to adopt a proposed group message to the churches, but to authorize the board to make a statement.

The board's resolutions also commended President Kennedy's proposal for economic and technical assistance to strengthen freedom in other lands, and for the Attorney General's proposals for legislation to restrict the gambling racket.

Northern California delegates included James McGiffin, Los Altos; Glenn Fuller, San Jose; Y. Casper Horikoshi, Sacramento; Robert W. Moon, Fresno; Harper Sakaue, Reedley; and Richard Hart, Bakersfield.

The resolution on Cuba and Laos, expressing "grave concern" over recent events, said, "we recognize the serious problems presented by the increasing Communist influence over peoples of underdeveloped nations; at the same time, we believe the legitimate objectives of many national movements for social reform must be acknowledged."

It expressed belief that in the long run the "best interests of the people of the United States, the Americas and the world" would be served by adhering to these principles:

No government "should undertake military intervention in internal affairs of other nations."

All governments "should honor their treaty obligations and use to the fullest extent" the procedures of UN and regional organizations.

The U. S. government "should attempt to re-establish communication with the Cuban government in an effort to achieve a satisfactory resolution of outstanding differences through negotiation."

Phi Kappa Phi Meets at UOP

The University of the Pacific will be the site of the 42nd biennial council of the national Kappa Phi Club for college Methodist women, June 19-25.

Two Californians, Dr. Georgia Harkness, Berkeley theologian, writer and professor, and Dr. Evelyn Berger, Oakland counselor in family life, will speak.

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Oslo Delegates Named

Arne O. Nilsen, pastor of Central Church, San Francisco, and Arthur V. Thurman, minister of First Church, Modesto, are official delegates of the California-Nevada Conference, by appointment of Bishop Donald H. Tippett, to the 10th World Methodist Conference, August 15-25 at Oslo.

Also representing the Conference, by virtue of his membership on the United States executive committee of the World Methodist Council, will be Dr. Elliott Fisher of Chicago, general secretary of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation and former superintendent of the San Jose District.

For Nilsen, the journey will be a return to his native land where he was born at Frederikstad. Graduate of Norwegian-Danish Seminary, he served in the old Norwegian-Danish Conference for 14 years before coming to his present charge in 1944.

Thurman, who has served in this Conference since 1942, was a Jurisdictional Conference delegate in 1956, and is currently a regent of the University of the Pacific, and member of the Conference Board of Education.

Also named a delegate by the general committee for the World Conference is Dr. Robert A. Panzer, minister of First Church, Sacramento.

No Room! No Room!

. . . cried Alice . . . and the editors of the San Francisco *Area News Edition* of TOGETHER. Four pages are just not enough to cover the news. Scores of good stories and news bits from throughout our two Conferences are stuck in the flies until the next issue when our budget permits an eight-page edition (four times a year). We will "ride the circuit" then with the biggest possible round-up of home church news.

—YOUR EDITORS

Architect Louie F. Coward, left, and trustee Otis I. Kennison exchange congratulations at ground-breaking for the new northwest Napa church, officially named "Methodist Church of the Valley."

Orinda Plans New Church

A distinctive new church building was approved by the members of St. Mark's Methodist Church of Orinda at their annual business meeting May 15.

The project was presented by building chairman Chuck McCoy who said it is designed to serve three functions: worship, education and fellowship. Upon completion of other units the structure will become the permanent chapel of the church. The building is contemporary in style, designed to fit into the pattern of Orinda living.

Cost of the project is estimated at $75,000. Members have already pledged $27,000. St. Mark's, just slightly over one year old, will erect the building on their six-acre site at Moraga Way and Oak Road. Construction is scheduled for late summer. It is hoped that the church can be occupied by December of 1961.

Church Music Workshop

Two summer study opportunities for choir directors, organists, and choristers are scheduled for California: the Church Music Workshop at Asilomar, July 9-14, and the biennial conference of the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians at San Diego, August 6-11.

Both will offer training in the areas of choral conducting, choir methods and materials, organ techniques, and hymnody. At Asilomar, the choral and literature studies will be directed by Dr. Walter T. Swearengin, minister of music at First Church, San Leandro. Organ studies will be headed by Glenn Daun. Full information and applications are available from the Rev. Virgil Jackson, 281 Santa Clara Avenue., Oakland 10.

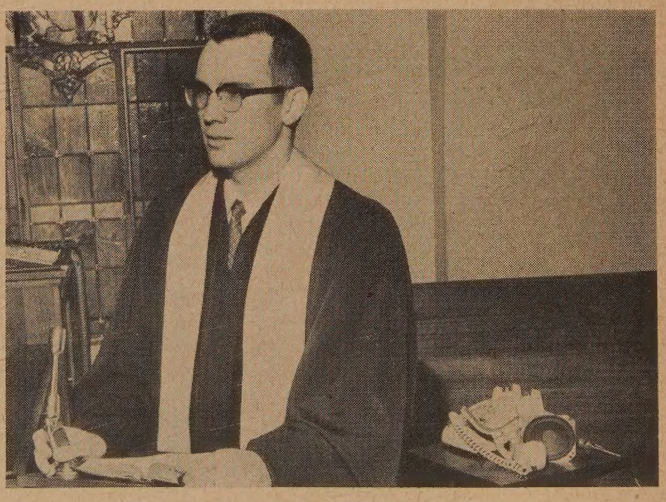
The NAFOMM session will be on the campus of California Western University, according to Byron Graber, director of music at First Church, Oakland. He said NAFOMM, organized in 1956, aims to raise the standards of church music. He may be addressed for complete information and registration forms, 2352 Broadway, Oakland 12.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Gerda Birky, teacher, and wife of the Rev. H. Gordon Birky, program counselor in education and Christian social concerns for the California-Nevada Conference, died of leukemia in San Rafael, May 5. Conference colleagues established in her honor the Gerda Birky Memorial Fund to help the Birky's younger daughter, Linda, who must undergo heart surgery this summer. Contributions are being received by Dr. Frank Webber, Conference Treasurer, at P. O. Box 467, San Francisco 1.

Mrs. Alexander C. Stevens died May 4 in Hermosa Beach. She was the widow of a long-time former minister of the California-Nevada Conference.

A Bay View District Lay Speakers School enrolled 17 for a spring course at Wesley Center, Oakland. Dr. Howard C. Busching, of First Church, San Leandro, was a principal instructor. William Blumert, seated at extreme right, was class director. Gordon Birky, Conference counselor, also assisted in teaching the group.



The "hospital hookup" of Sierra Vista Church, Fresno, rated a four-column feature recently in the Fresno Bee. *Here pastor Don Fado is seen in the pulpit with the telephone and speaker unit beside him through which shut-ins and hospital patients may hear the full service simply by using the telephone at their bedside.*

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Arena director Joe Pritchard, left, pastor of Epworth Church, Fallon, presents trophy to Texas winner of the national cutting horse contest which featured the Methodist Men Western Show in Fallon.

Fallon Western Show Will Be Color Feature

The third annual western show staged in April at Fallon, Nev., by the Methodist Men Club, will be the subject of a full-color illustrated feature in TOGETHER, tentatively scheduled for an early spring issue, 1962. More than 2,500 were attracted to the unique event which featured the top cutting horse competition in the U. S.

TOGETHER photo editor George P. Miller covered the highly pictorial occasion. Said TOGETHER editor Dr. Leland D. Case, "We like to find this sort of story which shows how Methodism has always been grounded in the characteristic life of the community."

WSCS Mission Schools

The 16th annual schools of Missions and Christian Service of the California-Nevada Conference Woman's Society will be held at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, July 24-28 and August 14-18.

Dean of the July School is Mrs. Robert H. Tarr of Stockton. Teachers of the study classes will be Mrs. Frank Webber, the Rev. Edgar Nelson, Mrs. James Catterall, and the Rev. Robert Boswell. Mrs. Roy Nichols will be the leader of the Bible Hour.

Dean of the August School is Mrs. D. Clifford Crummey of San Francisco. The teachers in this second school will be Dr. Evelyn Miller Berger, Mrs. Vance Carson, the Rev. Richard Hart, and Mrs. Charles Lord. The Bible Hour leader will be Mrs. Don Fleming.

Training will be given to officers and secretaries of lines of work by the conference officers.

More Indonesian Families Welcomed

More and more congregations of both the California-Nevada and the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conferences are trying the great human adventure of seeking out, preparing for, welcoming, and sponsoring a Dutch-Indonesian refugee family for a new life in America. On May 30, scores of these new friends were expected at a big reunion in Fresno.

Reports indicate a heart-warming enriching experience for host churches, but the job isn't necessarily easy. There are sometimes problems of employment and adjustment, and churches must assume a real responsibility.

St. Mark's Church, Sacramento, has displayed extra concern and adventurous spirit. Deep in plans for welcoming the Willis Janssens family in June, the church learned that a second family had been assigned to St. Mark's—apparently through an error in the national office of the Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief. Unwilling to dash the hopes of this dispossessed family, several St. Mark's families offered enough extra help so that Pieter and Marguerite Klink and son Johannes could come on to California, too.

The *Area News Edition* of TOGETHER is happy to greet more recently arrived families, not yet published in these columns. The Sonoma Church welcomed Dr. Govert J. Crans in May, with his wife and their sons: Robert, an apprentice electrician, and Willem, a baker. Dr. Crans is a psychiatrist, and Mrs. Crans a nurse.

The *Visitor* of First Church, Bakersfield, made a pictorial banner headline of portraits of the six members of the Michaelis family, expected on May 30. Papa Ernest Michaelis is an oil company technical assistant. He and his wife, Yvonne, have four daughters: Helga, Wanda, Joyce, and Pauline.

Grace Notes of Grace Church, Stockton, announced the Lekahena family was due to arrive May 12.

Meanwhile, First Church, Pacific Grove, was introducing Mr. and Mrs. van Mechelen, their son and daughter, to their new life in the west.

The Messenger of St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco, in April announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Schifferling, Reggie, Hady, Charles, and Rudy.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Boy Hoeke and their four children, sponsored by Centennial Church, Sacramento, are introduced through the good offices of the Rev. Douglas H. Henderson of Oakland, chairman of the committee on refugee resettlement, Conference Mission Board.

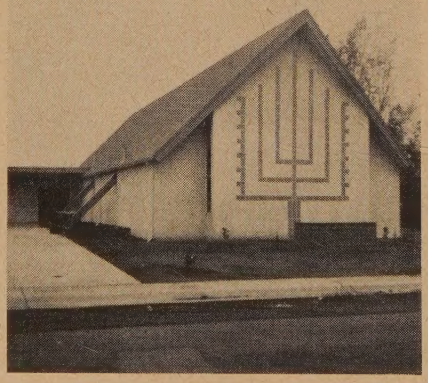
48th Mission Conference

Churches for New Times and *The Christian Mission in Latin American Countries* are the themes for the 48th annual Missionary Education Conference at Asilomar.

The long established mission study event, now co-sponsored by national, state and local councils of churches, will be offered in two complete sessions—July 28-August 2, and August 2-7. Training of lay leaders to conduct mission study in local churches is a central purpose of the conferences.

During two daily class periods registrants may select from a curriculum of eight courses of study. In addition, Dr. Theodore E. Matson, Augustana Lutheran mission board director, will give a daily address on *Churches for Our Times,* while Dr. Robert W. Lazear, missionary to Columbia for the United Presbyterian Church, will give a series on *The Christian Mission in Latin America.*

Complete descriptive bulletins and application forms available from Missionary Education Conference, 83 McAllister St., San Francisco 2, Calif.



Dynamic symbolism distinguishes Chinese Methodist Church of Sacramento, the Rev. Leo T. Fong, pastor. The exterior exhibits the seven-branched candlestick of Hebrew tradition, while the striking altar

mural of Christ walking on the waters is the original work of Jimmy Bon Yee, pictured above, member of the church. An accomplished artist Bon Yee has done murals for various buildings in the region.

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—**John Wesley (1703-1791)**

THE OTHER DAY we picked up a paperback by a well-informed British author. It would seem that Science has really put Man in his place. No longer is he the center of the universe—he's relegated to an inconspicuous little star off at one side of the main show. Yet there's something extra-special about Man, and we're having a hard time finding out just what it is. Man has been defined as an animal with a soul, a self-repairing combustion machine, a few handfuls of dust into which the Creator has breathed life (whatever that is), and so forth. But nobody knows what Man really is.

Well, it seems that the human mind is, by its very nature, incapable of fully understanding either itself or the vehicle that carries it around—sometimes into all sorts of trouble. Here at TOGETHER, however, we are continually learning something about *people*. The knowledge is interesting, if relatively superficial. For who could locate the spark of creativity and inspiration that caused a national figure like **Robert B. Anderson** to write *A Nation Needs to Pray* [page 2]? That spark would defy all the electronic microscopes and radioactive tracers in the world. Why did **Dr. William H. Wickett, Jr.**, leave his thriving obstetrical practice in California and go to Africa [see *He Took His Family Along*, page 62]? And what prevented young Jim Mackey from collapsing into self-pity instead of being the bravest boy **Coach Bob Stoddard** ever knew [see *The Finest Sportsmanship I've Ever Seen*, page 30]?

Little girls are people, too, although not all of them experience life and the world with the sensitivity of Lisbeth Boyd, as reported by her father [*My Whole Heart Goes Barefoot*, page 45]. Mr. **Lorenz Boyd** wants us to know that "the girl pictured in the article is our daughter." So proud fathers qualify as people, too, don't they?

No physicist has formulated an equation to explain such courage and faith as that of **Esther Belarmino**, a frail slip of a girl who lived through the horrors of a Japanese prison camp, yet forgives her tormentors. Her faith and courage are evident on page 13, but you can't pick up such things with forceps, nor would they give a golden flame over a Bunsen burner.

And just why do small boys climb trees? Whatever it is, Charles Winters, 6, of Toledo, Ohio, climbed right onto **our cover**. "We were waiting for his mother to get out of the doctor's office and he climbed a tree," is the only explanation his father can give. But Dad was there with his camera—prompted, no doubt, by an indefinable urge to hold onto an indefinable something that gets away from all of us indefinable people too soon.

—YOUR EDITORS

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The Gold Star Total Abstainer's Policy was originated by De Moss Associates, who felt that folks who do not drink ought to be entitled to special protection at a special rate. This is the very first hospitalization policy ever designed for and sold only to total abstainers. This Plan is underwritten by some of America's foremost companies and now has satisfied policy holders in all 50 states, in Canada and in many foreign countries.

Outstanding Leaders Say:

DR. E. STANLEY JONES, internationally renowned evangelist, missionary leader, author, and contributor to Christian periodicals: "It is a pleasure for me to recommend the De Moss Gold Star Hospitalization Plan for Total Abstainers. An insurance plan such as this which provides special consideration and service to those who do not impair their health by drink is a move in the right direction and long overdue."

DR. ROY SMITH, well-known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of Christian Advocate: "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benefits of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The De Moss Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."

DR. RALPH W. SOCKMAN, nationally known minister, radio preacher and author: "It has been my lifelong policy never to give public endorsement to any commercial enterprise, but I am most heartily in favor of the principle involved in the Gold Star Plan. It seems only fair and just that those who abstain from alcoholic beverages should not be penalized for those who indulge."

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We'll mail your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have the policy checked by your lawyer, doctor, Christian friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides exactly what we've told you it does. Then, if you are not fully satisfied, mail it back within 10 days, and we'll promptly and cheerfully refund your money by return mail—no questions asked. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk and no obligation whatsoever.

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- ★ No medical examination necessary.
- ★ No age limit.
- ★ Immediate coverage; full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued.
- ★ There is no limit to the number of times you can collect.
- ★ No waiting periods. Pays from very first day you enter the hospital.
- ★ No policy or enrollment fees.
- ★ Policy is mailed to your home. No salesman will call.
- ★ All benefits are paid directly to you and can be used for rent, food, hospital, doctor bills—anything you wish.
- ★ All Claim Checks sent air mail special delivery.

ADDITIONAL GOLD STAR BENEFITS

Pays $2,000 cash for accidental death.

Pays $2,000 cash for loss of one hand, one foot or sight of one eye.

Pays $6,000 cash for loss of both hands, both feet, and sight of both eyes.

Pays DOUBLE these amounts (up to $12,000) for specified travel accidents.

Only Conditions Not Covered

The only conditions this policy does not cover are: pregnancy; any act of war; pre-existing conditions; or hospitalization caused by use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics. Everything else IS covered.

Read What a Blessing This Protection Has Been To Others:

MAUDE L. ARMSTRONG, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: "The check came today. Thanks so much. You indeed are very loyal. In my 81 years these are the first checks for illness I have ever drawn or ever needed, and I am more than satisfied. Thank you for your courtesy and promptness."

REV. ANTON DARMA, ZION, ILL. "When I took this policy I had been in good health for over nine years and hoped hospitalization would never be necessary. This attack of pneumonia was totally unexpected and I want to thank De Moss Associates for their magnificent help in this crisis."

MAE ALLEN, BELLEFONTE, PENNA.: "Thank you for the most welcome check and especially for your friendly wishes for my speedy recovery. An important factor in recovery from any condition involving the heart, of course, is freedom from worry. A great help toward that necessary ingredient for speedy recovery has been the promptly, courteous, business-like service which it has been my pleasure to receive as a member of the Gold Star family. Thank you again for the true service which you at De Moss Associates extend to all your policy holders.

MR. J. WALTER DANIELS, FREDERICKTOWN, OHIO: "I received payment for my claim and am well pleased with the service you rendered. When I took the policy I never thought I would need it so soon. But we never know what will happen. It was my first time to be in the hospital."

MISS NARAH T. JACKSON, CHICAGO, ILL.: "Thank you for the check in prompt payment for a month in the hospital following an accident which occurred just about two weeks after I received my policy. I am so grateful for the financial help and peace of mind that it brought me at the time it was needed."

Bank reference: Peoples National Bank

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APPLICATION FOR 814 0761

Gold Star Total Abstainer's Hospitalization Policy

My name is _____

Street or RD # _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

My occupation is _____

My beneficiary is _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	BENEFICIARY
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				

Have you or any member above listed been disabled by either accident or illness or have you or they had medical advice or treatment or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes ☐ No ☐

If so, give details stating cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered _____

I hereby apply for the Gold Star Total Abstainer's Hospitalization Policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions.

Date: ..... *Signed:* X .....

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2. Enclose in an envelope with your first payment.
3. Mail to DeMoss Associates, Inc. Valley Forge, Pa.

YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR GOLD STAR POLICY PROMPTLY BY MAIL. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

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Letters

Meeting Bishops 'A Thrill'

MRS. EDWARD C. SMITH
Dover, N.H.

What a thrill it was to meet our bishops [March, page 2]. Most of the names were familiar, as I have read and studied their books. Now the names have faces, and we will look forward to meeting their wives one day.

'I, Too, Am in Jail . . .'

[NAME WITHHELD]
Texas State Penitentiary
Lefors, Tex.

Thank you for the article, *A Father's Letter to a Son in Jail* [December, 1960, page 17].

I, too, am in jail. My mother has talked and written to me, and one day a friend of hers ran across the article and told me it would explain her feeling better than she ever could. It did.

Thank you for TOGETHER. It has done me more good than anything I have ever read.

Prisoners Need Love . . .

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
Author-Attorney
Temecula, Calif.

Thanks for the article by Albert S. Williams, *I Found God in Prison* [May, page 28].

Persons generally fail to realize that the inmates of our penal institutions are starved for love and are surfeited with hate. In such an atmosphere, it is but small wonder that characters, already undermined by human weaknesses, can deteriorate further. Mr. Williams brought love into prison with him and in turn inspired greater love—a love of divinity.

I have watched your magazine with a great deal of interest as it has grown and become more and more interesting. More power to you.

Now, Barbara's a Movie Star!

LOWELL M. ATKINSON, *Pastor*
128 Demarest Ave.
Englewood, N.J.

I was delighted with the beautiful picture story of our contemporary Barbara Ruckle [see *Barbara Heck Makes a Point,* April, page 2]. It brought back wonderful memories, since I visited with the Ruttle family in June, 1960, when I was the American representative at the bi-centenary celebration in Ballingrane, Ireland.

TOGETHER readers will be interested to know that a 30-minute, professionally made 16mm sound movie of the Ballingrane Pilgrimage has just been made available to American Methodism through the courtesy of the Methodist Church of Ireland. I shall be glad to lend the film to any Methodist church upon request.

Together in Barber Shops?

J. R. THOMSON
Promotion Mgr.
Kansas City Kansan
Kansas City, Kans.

We enjoy TOGETHER, and think that every Methodist Men's Club should see that it is placed in public places such as beauty shops, barber shops, doctors' offices, etc. Indeed, it might not be a bad project nationally!

Jewish Tips for Methodists

FENTON A. BONHAM
Healdsburg, Calif.

Reading *Bar Mitzvah* [February, page 76] reminded me of a Jew I met years ago while in a convalescent home. We did a lot of talking about Jewish customs. He told me of the confirmation of his own son when the youth was 13 years old.

For three months before his Bar Mitzvah, he and several other boys his age reported daily after school to the cantor for instruction. The course embraced Old Testament history, and Jewish history and tradition. A topic was chosen for study and report, and a written exam followed.

At the appointed Sabbath service, each boy spoke on his topic and was thoroughly tested. Only after satisfactory proof of knowledge was given was he formally received as a member.

Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches also have impressive confirmation services. I firmly believe that we lose many of our choicest young people at this age because of our failure to stress church membership. Do we, ourselves, value it enough?

'This Is the U.S.A.'

MRS. T. EDWARD ANDERSON
South Amboy, N.J.

It was with sad misgivings that I read the letter written by Edward Wiegand of Mankato, Minn. [April, page 8], concerning the *Bar Mitzvah* article.

Has he no respect for another's belief? This is the United States, where we all have the right and privilege of finding almighty God in our own way, and I'm certain that the Rev. R. Marvin Stuart [pastor of First Methodist Church, Palo Alto, Calif., where the Bar Mitzvah was held] stands on firm ground in the way he follows the teaching of the Master in loving his neighbor as himself.

'Jesus Didn't Stipulate . . .'

MRS. VIRGINIA GLEITSMANN
Springfield, N.J.

Here is one Christian who does not think it "shocking" to show pictures of *Bar Mitzvah* in a Christian magazine [see *Letters,* April].

It's much more shocking to think that there are those among us, calling themselves Christian, who would criticize an effort designed to promote brotherhood among men.

True Christianity should show to others the spirit of love as exemplified by Jesus.

When Christ told us to love our neighbor, he didn't stipulate that this neighbor must be Christian.

Pastor Defends Re-Baptism

ROYAL STEINER, *Pastor*
Wadena, Minn.

It is good to see someone actually being sensible and realistic about our church's vague stand on Baptism [see *Slides We Like to Share,* March, page 37].

Our ritual does not say nor imply that Baptism for the infant is "unto the remission of sins." It is a dedication—a testimony of an inward act of God, the experience of which a child is not capable of expressing.

Re-baptizing can accomplish this. I have long thought that re-baptism should be considered by the church as an answer to our confusing and fuzzy situation.

Green Stamps? What Next?

ROBERT F. ZANKER, *Chaplain*
Marine Corps Air Station
El Toro, Calif.

Now I've seen everything—a church that issues green stamps! (See *Stamps Boost Attendance,* April, page 68.)

I always thought motivation for church attendance was prompted by grateful acknowledgement of God's love and the sincere desire to worship him. At last we have improved on the

apostles! They could never guarantee a crowd for the spiritual "Kingpin." A cross was the best they could hope for.

Children Need Firmer Hand

MAURICE W. McCANN, *Judge*
Penn Yan, N.Y.

A Firmer Hand [April, page 32] is one of the finest articles I've had the privilege to read, and I can say after 20 years experience as Children's Court Judge of Yates County that it hits the nail right on the head.

While this article will be read by great numbers of Methodists, it is regrettable that there are thousands who should be reading it who will not be doing so.

Advice From High-School Senior

DAVID G. SHUMWAY
Portsmouth, Ohio

I'm a senior in high school, and was interested in reading *A Firmer Hand.* The argument proposed by this article should be of prime concern to all parents.

It seems to be a fact that children of well-to-do families are more frequently involved in serious crimes than children from families of modest circumstances. Evidently parents with greater financial resources indulge their children—not with increased personal attention, but with the "do anything you like; Dad will take care of the consequences" attitude.

Our country presently is prospering, and her people are too busy with the affairs of the world to rear their children properly. We need a reformation of moral ideals and parent-child relationships.

Down the Path to Socialism?

MRS. LAWRENCE HENDERSON
Santa Ana, Calif.

I read with dismay the *yes* side of *Should Church-Related Colleges Accept Federal Support?* [April, page 34].

Educators have long been trying to lead our schools down a path that leads to a socialistic acceptance of government control of all facets of life. Our great nation was founded on a government whose function was not to control its people, but rather to ensure that they were *not* controlled.

All of us, as Christians and loyal Americans, should support our own institutions. It is good that men like Dr. Russell Humbert realize socialism is the inevitable end of this acceptance of federal aid.

We Need Church-State Wall

FRED M. CALKINS
Placitas, N.Mex.

Neither Hurst R. Anderson nor Russell J. Humbert pays much regard to

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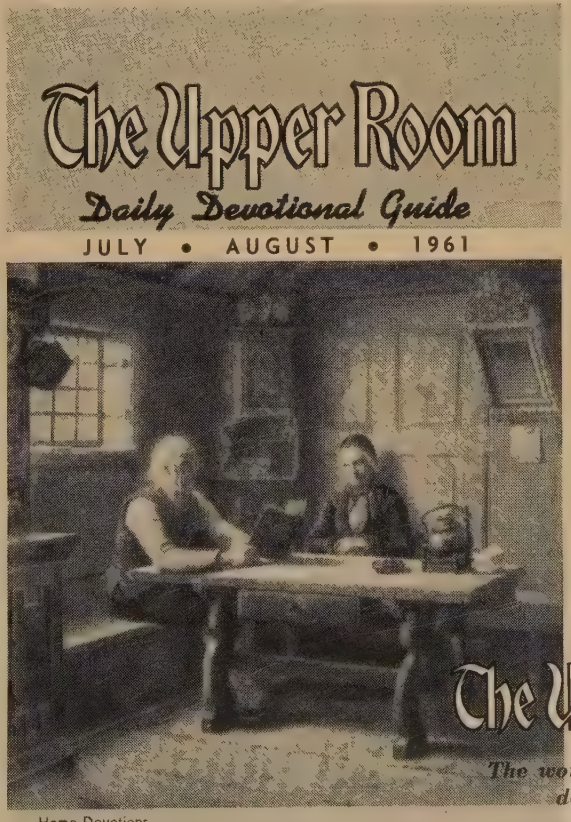

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CITY ZONE

STATE

the principle of separation of Church and State. If that principle can be disregarded at the college level, it can be disregarded at the elementary and high-school level.

If church-affiliated colleges want federal money, let them divest themselves of the religious affiliation. In most cases it is only nominal, anyway.

Let's not breach the wall between Church and State by supplying federal money at the college level. To do this is to drive a wedge at all levels. Let federal support go only to state-supported colleges!

What If He Had Won?

E. MACK BEDWELL
Clayton, N.Mex.

In R. E. Cordray's letter [April, page 11] about "investing" and losing $4 in a slot machine as a small boy, he commented, ". . . I marvel at my parents' wisdom in allowing me the experience."

Jack pot: Does it cure or encourage?

I doubt the wisdom of allowing young boys and girls to experiment with potentially dangerous practices, hoping they'll discover the danger for themselves. The lesson young Cordray learned by losing has nothing to do with moral considerations. He could have hit the jack pot. What then? After all, the gambler is addicted by the occasional win, not the losses.

Parental disapproval is a wiser approach.

No Room for Later Regrets

MRS. W. J. MILLER
Tacoma, Wash.

I have just finished reading *Resurrection* [April, page 15]. I'm glad that after 18 years of fear the author finally found peace. It's too bad her deeply religious home life didn't take that fear away long ago.

I was at Mother's bedside the night she died. When she breathed her last, peace seemed to fill the room and wash my heart of sorrow. I have missed my mother, but not with sorrow or grief, for God took her away. He will take us all away, so we should not fear death, but live as helpful Christians, day by day. Then, there'll never be room for regrets.

Potluck Food for Thought?

MRS. PHILIP LUGINBILL
Hyattsville, Md.

Feeding Fifty is a good idea—in the wrong place! Use the space for "spiritual bread." Quote from spiritual classics, great prayers, or the Bible itself.

Jesus fed the 5,000 because of his great love and their great need. If you could establish any need, you would have some excuse for printing this type of thing, but food does not happen to be one of the needs of the Church, or of the individual in the USA. People die daily as a result of overeating.

By far more dinners are given in churches with money—rather than need or love—the primary motive, and those given in "love" are usually potluck.

We Support Charities, Too

EVERETT E. JACKMAN
Methodist District Superintendent
Omaha, Nebr.

I wish to express my viewpoint on the low rating our Methodist Church people have for giving [see *Are You a Tip-Giver, Dues-Payer, or Tither?* March, page 26].

Such denominations as the Free Methodists, the Nazarenes, and the Seventh-day Adventists tithe their incomes; and all of it goes to their church.

We, of course, wish that Methodists would give more generously to their church. But I remind you that Methodists all over the country also support many charities, such as the Community Fund, the Cancer Fund, and the Heart Fund, which are not very actively supported by these fundamentalist denominations.

What's in a Tithe?

MRS. RALPH HORTON
Seattle, Wash.

I have some questions for Louis Cassels [*Are You a Tip-Giver, Dues-Payer, or Tither?*], to which I would truly appreciate answers, for I've been seeking them a long time.

Tell me, Mr. Cassels, when is a nontither a tither? In our family, we have one source of income. Granted, it all comes from God, but when Father gives to Men's Club, Mother gives to WSCS, the children give to Sunday school—when any or all of us give through the multiplicity of channels in special-mission fields, are these not to be credited as part of our tithe? And what of the special film procured for Mother's Sunday-school class, and the items bought at bazaars or cake sales? Or the shirt that reaches a *(continued on page 60)*

Together / NEWSLETTER

FIRST STEP TOWARD ELIMINATION. Methodism's Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations suggests in its first report that the church transfer five episcopal areas out of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction as a step toward eventual elimination of the controversial racial jurisdiction. Created by the 1960 General Conference to further the program to abolish the Central Jurisdiction, the Commission recommends: (1) realignments into "new and enhanced jurisdictional structures," (2) elimination of the Central Jurisdiction, (3) merger of annual conferences within reconstituted jurisdictions, and (4) merger of individual congregations. The jurisdictional realignment would put the Central Jurisdiction's Baltimore, St. Louis and New Orleans Areas in the Northeastern, North Central, and South Central Jurisdictions, respectively, and the Nashville-Birmingham and Atlantic Coast Areas in the Southeastern Jurisdiction. The report also urged full compliance by all Methodist boards, commissions, colleges, homes, hospitals, bookstores, and institutions with the spirit and intent of the 1960 General Conference Statement on Race (Discipline, Par. 2026), which opposes discrimination and segregation on the basis of race, color, or national origin. The report has been referred to the Council of Bishops and the annual conferences for their study and reaction.

CHANGE NAME. The board of trustees of the National Methodist Theological Seminary of Kansas City, upon the recommendation of its executive committee, has changed the school's name to Saint Paul School of Theology-Methodist. The seminary, which has outgrown its present quarters, will move to the vicinity of the University of Kansas City in June, 1962.

ITALIAN METHODISTS WANT INDEPENDENCE. The 7,000-member Italian Methodist Church marked its 100th anniversary in Rome recently by voting to ask for complete independence from its parent body, the British Methodist General Conference.

CHURCH FIRE LOSSES UP. Nine major U.S. and Canadian church fires in 1960 resulted in losses totaling $3,673,500. Damages from 10 fires in 1959 totaled nearly $3 million.

(More church news on page 66)

Give . . .

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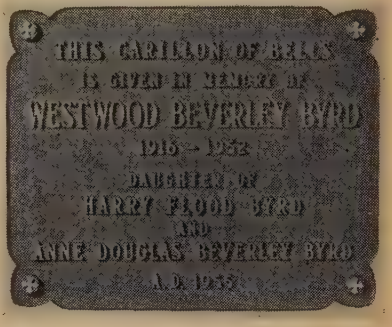
Memoriam



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Vengeance Is for the Weak

By ESTHER S. BELARMINO

Now employed by a Manila travel agency, the author is active in church and civic groups.

IT WAS 1944. Numb with pain, I knelt on the rough stone floor of Fort Santiago, the dread wartime prison in Manila. A Japanese officer stood over me, poised to strike again with the dull edge of his broadsword. Only half alive, I almost hoped he would turn the blade so its sharp edge would end my suffering.

Suddenly, through my tears, I saw two words scratched on the cell floor a few feet ahead of me. So irregular as to be nearly illegible, scratched perhaps with fingernails or a chip of stone, they said: *Hope . . . Faith.*

Another prisoner, whose only crime was to love his country, had left this message for me and the others who were to pass through that chamber of tortures. Hazily, my mind returned to my church-school days and Bible lessons; and a voice from a roughhewn cross echoed across the centuries: "Father, forgive them. . . ." Like a warm, soothing wave, an awareness of God's love swept over me. The sword over my head no longer mattered. "Thy will be done," I prayed.

By God's mercy I survived the terrors of Fort Santiago. Memories of pain and brutality have faded. But I still remember vividly those two dim words on the prison floor—and the voice of Christ in my heart.

Though the Japanese conquered the Philippines in 1942, our guerrilla underground made wearing of the victor's crown costly and uneasy. Our young people's group at Central Methodist Church in Manila became an integral part of the underground movement. This may seem a strange role for a church group, but to a people whose homeland had been seized, their cherished ideals of freedom desecrated, the church seemed a natural rallying point for resistance.

We were an outlet for underground publications, many of which we mimeographed on the machine in our rectory. Primarily, we distributed news of the war gathered from a forbidden radio hidden behind the church organ. Certain hymns played on the organ served as warning signals when danger of discovery threatened. At mock rummage sales we collected clothing for guerrillas who harassed the Japanese.

For about a year all went well. Then, one February night in 1944, my part in the war ended. The terrifying *Kempetai*—the secret police—took me from my home to infamous Fort Santiago. There my refusal to admit underground activities and to name others in my group resulted in the nightmare of torture.

Each year of my life since that fateful experience could have been embittered by hate. But vengeance is for the weak. The Christian's strength is in charity, love, and forgiveness. Despite their heinous crimes against me and my people, I could not continue hating the Japanese.

Looking back on those endless hours of agony 17 years ago, I know it was not just courage which helped me to survive. More important was the sureness of God's love and mercy, drawn from prayers whispered in the heart when pain-locked lips could no longer form the words.

I have read with great interest this article by Hartzell Spence which is based upon the MESTA project of the Board of Social and Economic Relations (now a division of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns) in co-operation with the faculty of the Boston University School of Theology.

The board realized soon after its organization in 1952 that there was no systematic, objective survey and evaluation of the involvement of The Methodist Church in the United States in social issues and in the realization of social justice by our society. The questions listed at right are among those for which answers were and are earnestly sought.

This provocative article should stimulate thinking among Methodists on these questions which are fundamental to the entire project of the board. Mr. Spence has pointed some directions which may be taken to make these questions and their possible solutions real to Methodists.

—A. DUDLEY WARD, *Associate General Secretary Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns*

Has The Methodist Church actually been a determining factor in the achievement of social justice in the United States?

Has The Methodist Church largely reflected advances made by secular and political institutions or has it actually been a pioneer for social justice which is the assumption that most Methodists make?

What has been the relationship of Methodist social action to Methodist theological beliefs?

Is there a well-defined Methodist theology for social action?

What has been the relationship of Methodist social action to that of other churches?

What have been the special social-action emphases characteristic of Methodism in the United States?

What should Methodist social action be and do in the future?

What Do Methodists Really Believe?

By HARTZELL SPENCE
Methodist layman; author, *One Foot in Heaven*

ONLY ABOUT half of all American Methodists believe in equal opportunity for all races, and only 7 out of 10 favor the abolition of segregation. Nearly one third see no harm in moderate social drinking of alcoholic beverages. One out of five expects little or no pastoral or church guidance on social concerns. Four out of 10 attend church less than half the Sundays in the year.

These findings, among many others, are suggested by a study of American Methodist beliefs and behavior completed recently by the Boston University School of Theology at the request of The Methodist Church's former Board of Social and Economic Relations. The statistical materials cited are reports from 5,020 members in 267 typical charges, representing a membership of about 150,000 out of some 10 million U.S. Methodists.

The purpose of the study, which is a massive and excellent work of scholarship in four volumes, was to discover what American Methodists do believe and whether they translate these beliefs into Christian action. With these facts in hand, the church can project, on the basis of realities, a strategy for a more vigorous Methodist witness. Only the third volume, *Methodism and Society in Theological Perspective* [Abingdon, $5], by Dr. S. Paul Schilling, professor of systematic theology at the seminary, is considered in this article. The entire work now is in the process of publication by Abingdon Press.*

This project is of vital importance to the church. Despite Methodism's comfortable position as the largest American Protestant denomination under one roof, its evangelism is not advancing the church at a self-preservation pace. It grows only half as rapidly, percentagewise, as the total U.S. population. This should inspire self-evaluation when it is remembered that a century ago nearly one in every four American churchgoers was Methodist. The church has been declining, proportionately, ever since.

The real shock of this study is abundant evidence that a good many Methodists have relegated God to the perimeter of their lives instead of giving him the center. Those who responded to the questionnaire reveal an all-too-evident absence of clear Christian convictions, and an even greater lack of connection between many beliefs and individual actions. The study, Dr. Schilling states, "discloses a lack among Methodists of any coherent pattern of belief and action. . . . It focuses attention on the ambiguities, inconsistencies, and hiatuses which exist in the thinking and acting of Methodist people on religious and social questions."

* *Volume I is now also available. It is by Richard M. Cameron and is reviewed by* Barnabas *on page 54, this issue.*—Eds.

These disclosures cause Dr. Schilling to point out that happiness, togetherness, peace of mind and conventional morality are not enough, although these seem to be the "theology" of many Methodists. "Freedom in belief," he comments, "does not mean either freedom from belief or indifference to belief."

In the light of these findings, it is a fair question whether Methodists practice what is preached to them from the pulpit, or whether too many of them leave to church leaders the burden for carrying out the church's classic destiny. A corollary of my own after reading the study is whether it has become too easy for people to join The Methodist Church. Are we so hypnotized by statistical bigness that we emphasize quantity when we should insist on better quality?

A difficulty in translating Methodist belief into dynamics always has been encountered, due to the looseness of Methodist theology. It is hard for many persons to sustain a theology which is not in sharp focus. Therefore, the scholars who have participated in the current study have directed the main stream of their attention on an inquiry into just what Methodists believe today.

The upheavals of the 20th century have created new responsibilities for Christians; these in turn have influenced their attitudes and their conduct. The situation is fluid and fast-moving. A faith like Methodism, which is not hidebound by tradition, has been fluid in its adjustments. The Methodist Church of the past has had a full share in the motivations of present world ferment. Its missionaries have taken the social Gospel throughout the world. Several generations of Methodist idealism have helped materially to waken latent nations to the self-determination which now thrusts them upward into the sun of freedom. Methodist interest in emancipation of women, the labor movement, and public welfare has contributed substantially to the global fight for human rights. It was no accident that the Social Creed of 1908 was a Methodist instrument.

But what do—or should—Methodists believe? In some respects, Methodist theology is akin to the British Constitution. It may be unwritten, and subject to continuous reinterpretation, but much is implicit in it. Before the editors of *Methodism and Society,* as the four-volume study is titled, could determine where we go from here, they had to review where Methodism has been. This they have done with great clarity. The course from the foundations of John Wesley to the beliefs of the mid-20th century has been charted. En route, the high lights are not only the "methods" which make the denomination "Methodist," but, of equal signifiance, the constants of theology which have motivated the church and continue to be dominant. Perhaps the present study proves most

Do Methodists practice what is preached to them? Do they leave to leaders the burden of the church's destiny? Author Spence suggests increasing security may have brought too much complacency.

DEFACING THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

How times change! This old illustration's title shows how many 19th-century Methodists felt about make-up.

clearly that the time has come to acquaint Methodists with the theology that moves them.

And what, pray, is this?

It is a personal experience of God's power to transform the individual to a life of loving service to him and to all mankind. This involves much more than social concern.

"The emphasis on life," says Dr. Schilling, "is itself a theology, implying a doctrine about the ultimate nature of things." Implicit in it is faith in the "good news" of Christ's death to save all men, and his Resurrection that all might share the life to come. It accepts the inspiration of the Scriptures. The Bible is the rule of faith and practice. Jesus is the Son of God and Guide to life. The love of God translates into love of one's neighbor. Patent is the forgiving grace of God in Christ, man's response is personal commitment to His will, and a witness of the Spirit, the "radiant certainty of an indwelling Christ, whose mercy has cleansed us." This presupposes a striving for holiness and perfection, and the faithful practice of Christian fellowship. And it requires repentance, including contrition for the sins of society, such as the responsibility of nations for atomic warfare.

Here is a theology if ever there was one. It underscores Bishop Gerald Kennedy's observation that "Christians who claim that right thinking about God is not important are too simple-minded to be allowed loose." So the remaining question is, do Methodists practice what their faith preaches?

In many ways, the study proves, they do. But the questionnaire reveals that three out of five lay people in The Methodist Church now believe their chief purpose is to help the minister perform the activities of particular concern to him. In the old days, every Methodist worth his salt was a lay preacher, and the pastor was his valued assistant. The vicarious nature of the lay role is disturbing. It implies lack of conviction, lack of direction, and a good measure of personal indifference. And, the survey indicates, many persons think of the church as a building and the congregation as a group of like-minded persons who assemble in the building to carry on certain activities of interest to them. The church is this, certainly, but only in the most limited sense. "The church," says Dr. Schilling, "is wherever the people of God live, work, think, play, pray, serve, and struggle for divine ends."

What Methodism has preserved from its past is extremely interesting. First, Methodists rely on their experiences, broadly interpreted, rather than on dogmatic principles. This continues the historic fluidity. Second, the church upholds its traditional attitude toward the Bible as a progressive revelation, not as a narrow fundamentalism. Third, the church respects science and cooperates with it. Fourth, it emphasizes the teachings of Jesus, translating them into the current needs of humanity. Fifth, it upholds the sacred nature of all human beings as children of God. And, finally, its urgency seems to be a confrontation of Christianity with modern life, accompanied by a lessened emphasis on preparation for immortality.

Methodism is no longer so idealistic as it was. There is much less talk about achieving the kingdom of God on earth, after the disillusionments of World War II, Korea, and the rise of the Soviets. But most Methodists feel that they must work toward this goal, anyway, even in our chaotic world, and leave the ultimate results in God's hands. The disillusionment has given Methodists a deeper sense of man's need for Divine grace. This is a distinct advance over a widespread attitude of the past generation that man could do pretty well on his own initiative. There appears to be a growing realization that man is unable to achieve worthy ends except at God's direction.

The essence of the changing interpretation seems to boil down to a "practical service to God and man in personal and social relations, under the power and guidance of the Holy Spirit." This results, as the Bishops pointed out in 1958, in a "recognition of the Golden Rule and the mind of Christ as the supreme law of society and the sure remedy for all social ills." With this, there is a growing oneness with the ecumenical movement, a realization that the church does not exist for itself, but that all Christians have a united mission to carry forward Christ's work on earth.

These broad concepts seem to have been achieved amid a relaxation of the code of behavior which once characterized the church. Much less attention is paid to right attitudes on drinking, divorce, diligent church attendance, or personal conduct. In the areas of intimate ethics and morals, the church is no longer the setter of standards, at least for a good many Methodists.

A distinct geographical movement emerges from the studies. The Methodists rapidly are evacuating the farm and small town for urban centers. Whereas 3 out of 4

Methodist churches are located in towns of 2,500 population or less, 4 out of 10 Methodists now live in the city or in suburbia. Only one Methodist in five still belongs to a church of fewer than 250 members. The astounding statistic here is that 76 per cent more Methodists now attend churches of 1,000 or more members than were reared in big congregations. This is a tremendous flight. It points clearly to the necessity for Methodism to thrust its way forcibly, during the coming generation, into the problem of Christian living in a metropolitan rather than a rural culture.

Out of the study also emerges the best composite picture of the Methodist family that I have found anywhere, even though the implications of this portrait are disturbing. The Methodists are maturing, the median age being 34.5, or 4 years older than the statistical national norm. (This is not encouraging; to grow, a church must have young blood.) Eleven out of every 20 Methodists are females. Eight out of 10 members are married before their 25th birthdays. Only 1 Methodist in 100 is divorced, and children average 3.6 per family. And Methodists have 40 per cent better-than-average chance to outlive others.

There are three times as many college graduates in Methodism as the averages would expect to find, and more Methodist young people are in state colleges and universities than from any other faith. Methodist families earn about $600 a year more than the national average, the median income being $5,329. The wage earners are overwhelmingly professional and managerial, very few being under the white-collar level. Methodists take their citizenship seriously, 83.5 per cent of them recording their franchise in national elections. They seem to be conservative, too, since 49.4 per cent are Republicans, in contrast to 33.1 per cent who are Democrats and 11.4 per cent who are independents.

Two out of three constituents were Methodist-born. Most of the outside accessions have been from the ranks of the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Lutherans, and Episcopalians, slightly less than 2 per cent being converts from Roman Catholicism. Three out of four Methodists have been in the church for 13 years or longer.

What this sociological study aggregates is a proof that The Methodist Church is a good place in which to find a wife or husband; the marriage will be happy and fruitful, with far better-than-average chances of living to a ripe old age under the endowment of a college education, occupational status, and economic security. In all these particulars, the study shows, Methodists are exceptional.

But what does the study reveal concerning the relationship of this secure, happy family to Methodist belief and action? Does the upper-class security of most Methodists imply that Methodism is not concerned about the less fortunate, who obviously are not in the church? Is the obvious lack of Christian conviction, which is apparent in the study, indicative that conventional morality and superficial religion breed too well in the comfortable social group that The Methodist Church has become? Has the church become for many members a social rather than a Christian fellowship?

Has this condition developed because of what Methodism *is,* or because its theology *is not* strong enough to offer something better? It's high time we found out.

Meet Mr. Methodist

HE'S DOING well financially, has many creature comforts, and is enjoying the prospect of a longer, happier, more healthful life. Here are some of the high lights of the Boston University School of Theology's survey of more than 5,000 Methodists, as reported by Mr. Spence:

He was born into the church: **Two out of three were raised in Methodist families; three out of four have been members of The Methodist Church for 13 years or longer.**

His church is larger: **Three out of four Methodist churches are in towns of 2,500 or less, yet almost half of all Methodists now live in cities or suburbs. Far more than half of those in 1,000-member-plus churches grew up in smaller congregations. Only one in five now is in a church of less than 250.**

He has more education: **A greater number of Methodists are enrolled in state colleges than members of any other denomination; and the percentage of college graduates in Methodism is triple that in the total U.S. population.**

He married well: **Four out of five married before age 25, but only one in a hundred (far below the national average) is divorced. The average family has 3.6 children.**

He's upper middle class: **Methodist families earn some $600 a year more than the national median of $4,687. As a wage earner, Mr. Methodist's work is overwhelmingly professional or managerial.**

He's growing older: **Young people are not moving in to take his place in the pew as they once did. His chances of passing the Bible's three score and ten exceed the average.**

The Elevator Boy in the

It couldn't happen—but it did. Was it merely coincidence, or did the hand of God reach down to guide the destinies of more than one person in the courthouse that remarkable day?

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

This story has been told many times around the courthouse where it happened, in one of our Far Western states. During the 31 years since it took place, many persons have heard it: according to their own natures, some have said it was all coincidence, others have believed what the child believed.

IN THE LITTLE room where the hearing was being held it was very quiet, except for the whispering of the social worker bending over the motherly shoulder of the judge to explain the case.

The child concerned was sitting tensely on the edge of her chair, her thin hands gripped in her lap. Being only eight years old, she couldn't possibly understand the legal reasoning, but she knew very well that her future was being decided.

The judge said, "It seems a simple matter of declaring the child abandoned and finding a suitable foster home."

The social worker said, "Yes, except—"

"It happened a year ago? Everything's been done to locate the parents?"

The social worker nodded, but her face was still troubled.

"Then there seems nothing to do but place the child with an agency and hope someone will want to adopt her," the judge said, looking sympathetically at the small girl in the big

"Then the child spoke for the first time. 'I don't want to be adopted,' she said. . . . 'I want the Great Spirit to find my real mother.'"

Wrong Building

chair before her desk. She wasn't the traditional blue-eyed, golden-curled cherub childless couples hope to find when they search for a family. She was shy and dark, with large brown eyes that were even sadder than the eyes you would expect to find in the face of a homeless waif.

The two women bent over the papers again, and the social worker explained to the judge the rather tragic way in which the little Indian girl had been "abandoned" by her parents. "You see," she said, "her father and mother really loved Nada too much to keep her."

"Oh, come now," the judge said, looking at her dubiously.

"Yes, that was really the reason," the social worker insisted. Then she told how, about a year and a half before, a wagon had come into the yard of the city's general hospital just at dusk.

It was driven by a Chippewa Indian man and woman who were bringing their very ill child to the white man's hospital, after they had done everything they could for her.

The father, Jason Stormdollar, carried the little girl in his arms, and the mother said to the startled receptionist at the front desk, "You take. You make well."

The little girl had a high fever; she was painfully thin; her clothes were ragged. She was put into a bed, and the mother and father sat wretchedly through the night, waiting for some word about the child.

In the morning, a nurse tried to send them away. "You come back this afternoon," she said kindly.

But they wouldn't leave. They sat all that day in the waiting room, without a mouthful of food. At last someone gave them permission to stand in the doorway of the ward and look down the row of beds to their child. Then they left.

For the next week their wagon stood in the parking area day and night, with the worried mother and father sitting upright, waiting. Day after day they kept their vigil, stony faced and patient, and neither the hospital authorities nor the police could drive them away. They would move their wagon around and around the block, but they never got out of sight of the hospital.

At first no one expected the little girl to recover. But she did, and within a short while she was propped up in her bed with her hair neatly braided and tied with two ribbons. When the Indian mother saw her child, conscious and clean in her white hospital nightgown, she stood in the doorway with tears running down her dark face, and then turned and bolted out. The father, too, had tears on his face as he went in and sat beside the bed and held his little girl's hand.

When the child was really out of danger the parents went to the superintendent's office to thank her formally for saving little Nada's life. The mother said, "You keep girl. You make her well. She yours now."

The superintendent was an understanding woman, and she realized how much this decision was costing the anxious parents. "Oh, no," she said to them. "She's your child. We'll just keep her until she is thoroughly well again."

But the mother insisted. "We got no good place. Man got no job. Nada get cold again. No nice food. You keep."

The superintendent was deeply touched, but she spoke cheerfully, as her profession had taught her to do. "Well, we'll get her strong first."

Every visiting day the parents came and sat beside the hospital bed. They brought candy bars and piñon nuts for the other little patients in the ward. They even brought a large fish for the superintendent, an awkward gift for a woman in antiseptic white.

Every week for three months they came, and at last the superintendent told them that the next Thursday they might take Nada home. They listened to her news with stony faces.

The mother said, "We leave girl here."

"No. She's well enough now," the superintendent said. "Next Thursday I'll have you talk to our social worker. She'll tell you the kind of food Nada must eat." She made up her mind that she herself would apply to the city's public-welfare department for some food vouchers for them, and would ask the social worker to try to find work the man could do.

The father started to say something, but the Indian woman put her hand quickly on his arm and stopped him. Then she nodded, and the two went back to the ward. They stood in the doorway a long time, gazing at their child. At last they went swiftly down the hall and out the front door, got into their wagon and drove away. They did not come back.

The authorities did everything possible to trace the Stormdollars, but there was no sign of them.

Finally, when the hospital couldn't give the child bed room any longer, the authorities were forced to put her in a state institution for abandoned and orphaned children. Nada, a silent and obedient little girl, quickly learned to make herself useful with the younger children. She never spoke of her parents or her previous life, and one might have thought she had forgotten. . . .

The judge suddenly looked up and caught the child's eye. "Nada, do you know we are going to look for a new home for you?" she asked.

The little girl nodded.

"You'll like having a real family to live with, won't you?"

Then the child spoke for the first

READER'S CHOICE

This thought-provoking, warmly human story of seemingly miraculous events was first published in *Woman's Day* for August, 1950. Mrs. Charles Imler of Frankfort, Ind., first to nominate it, has received our monthly *Reader's Choice* award of $25. If you have a favorite story or article published at least five years ago, and you'd like to share it with others, tell us about it. If you're first to nominate it, and we use it, you will receive $25. But remember: submit only one nomination at a time; be sure to tell us where and when it was published, and, if possible, send us a tear sheet of it.—EDS.

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

In reporting the proceedings of a Sunday worship service, a newspaper recounted, "Two ladies sang a duet, 'The Lord Knows Why.'"
—CARMEN HADLEY, *Harrod, Ohio*

•

Someone asked the preacher, "Reverend, how many people in your congregation?" "Fifty," was the reply, "and every one of them is active." "That certainly speaks well for you," said the friend.

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," explained the minister. "They're active, all right, but 25 are working for me and 25 against."
—MRS. E. A. STOWELL, *Boscobel, Wis.*

•

A minister, hurrying to a meeting, had a flat tire in downtown traffic. Noticing a line of job seekers waiting nearby, he picked a likely candidate and said:

"I'll pay a dollar if you'll change my tire. I'm due at a meeting and don't want to get dirty."

"O. K.," the man agreed, "but stand here and keep my place."

No sooner had he stepped into line than one of his parishioners walked by and spotted him.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "I knew we had to cut the budget, but this is going too far!"
—MRS. CYNTHIA ANDERSON, *Baltimore, Md.*

•

"Daddy," asked little John, "how did Solomon know so much?"

"Well, Son," replied the father, "he had 1,000 women bringing him information."
—HELEN ALLEN, *Frisco, Tex.*

•

Why not share your favorite church-related chuckle with TOGETHER? *If it is printed, you'll receive $5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned, so please don't enclose postage.*—EDS.

time. "I don't want to be adopted," she said. "I want my own mother and father."

"We've tried to find your mother and father, Nada," the judge said, "so now—"

The child stood up. She stood as tall as possible. "I want the Great Spirit to find my real mother," she said. The judge was touched. "Do you think the Great Spirit could find your parents when we've not been able to?"

"I know He could," Nada said.

"How long do you think it would take?" the judge asked, leaning over her desk and smiling at the dignified little petitioner. "Would three months give Him enough time?"

"I think so," the child said.

The judge hesitated a moment, then she said, "Very well. We will return you to the state school, Nada, for three months. We'll see what happens."

The stenographer scowled disapprovingly at his notebook. In his opinion, apparently, the delay was a lot of nonsense and proved what he had always believed—that women simply didn't belong in legal work. Obviously, this woman judge had made a sentimental decision, not a judicial one.

Everyone around the courthouse heard the story. Some laughed; some nodded thoughtfully; some agreed with the stenographer that the judge had been just plain sentimental.

The Great Spirit caused quite a lot of conversation among the building personnel. The stenographer scoffingly said to the judge, "If the Great Spirit does find that kid's mother, I'm going to ask Him to find me enough money to go to law school, the way I've wanted to."

The elevator boy, to whom the stenographer repeated this, said, "Yeah. And I'm going to ask Him to get me into a dental college."

Then, of course, the whole episode was forgotten, because every day brings its own quota of drama in a court building. Finally, the three months had nearly passed, and in a few more days little Nada would again appear before the judge. This time all hope of finding her parents would have to be declared legally abandoned, and she would have to be offered for adoption.

Then, one afternoon, just before closing time, a small, lean Indian went into the courthouse, hoping to file a homesteading claim for some land to be farmed and improved.

The elevator boy said, "You want the Land Claim Office. That's down on Market Street. You're in the wrong building, Buddy."

The bewildered Indian had a sheaf of papers with him, but he didn't know how to fill them out. He showed them to the elevator boy helplessly. "Maybe you help me fill out papers?" he suggested.

"Well, I can't take time away from my job for that," the elevator boy said. Just then the stenographer came along. The elevator boy said, "Say, be a good guy, won't you? Help this man fill out his papers. He wants to take up a claim for some land."

The stenographer took the papers. The Indian's name was typed at the top: Jason Stormdollar. The stenographer said it aloud in a questioning way, for it seemed familiar to him.

It *was* familiar. "Say, listen here," he said. "Did you once have a little girl?"

"We lose her," the Indian said. "When I get job, I go back to ci and look for her. I could feed her good now. But we can't find her. Nobody remember where she go. It too big, the city."

So the Great Spirit—using an elevator boy, a stenographer with a mind made for details, and an Indian's mistake in wandering into the "wrong" building—found for a little girl the parents who loved her enough to give her up because they had "no nice place" to keep her.

They have a nice place now, and they all live together. The year without their child has been more than made up for those parents, because Nada is now a tall, bright-faced schoolteacher, and the house is overrun with her happy pupils.

The judge has always said that she could never explain how she happened to delay the adoption proceedings. The stenographer, who has never gotten to law school, says the whole thing was just coincidence.

But the elevator boy believes there was something else. And often he tells the story to his patients, when they ask how he happened to become a dentist.

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Those folks over the hedge may not be perfect, but

How Do YOU Rate as a Neighbor?

By OREN ARNOLD

GOOD neighborliness makes good sense, but it is a two-way street. Your domestic tranquility depends on how your family is regarded by the people down the hall, over the driveway, across the street, down the block. You know how you rate *them,* but how do they rate *you?* Here's a check list which may help you see yourself as your neighbors see you:

1. Do you refuse to speak unless spoken to? Do you initiate friendliness, or do you greet neighbors with a cold-eyed, defensive stare? Some, particularly city dwellers, regard friendliness with strangers as a dangerous risk. Actually, most people are eager to be good neighbors, but most are shy and reticent. Someone has to make the first move—why shouldn't it be you?

2. Are you noisy? Do you yelp at your husband, wife, or kids? Do you figure it's your business alone if you like your radio loud? Do you bang car doors and garage doors at midnight? Is your home the scene of frequent parties with loud talking, singing, and laughing at late, late hours? Or, at the opposite extreme, do you run the power mower at dawn?

3. Are you a borrower—especially of valuable and personal items that your neighbors hold with pride? "Neither a borrower, nor a lender be," said Shakespeare. His rule can be tempered, but not much. Even as conventional a tool as a lawn mower never should be borrowed, since it is set for a particular lawn. Its foibles are known only to its owner, and few borrowers know how to take proper care of any borrowed piece of machinery.

4. Do you ask favors? That is, apart from borrowing, do you ask your neighbors to baby-sit, mind the dog, or water the lawn in your absence? These services come only after close friendships are established. Even then, be wary of imposing.

5. Do you show too much interest in your neighbors' activities? It's possible, you know, to be too friendly. For instance, do you rush over to volunteer help if Neighbor Smith starts a yard or house project? Don't be intrusive; just be available if he calls for help.

6. Do you gossip? Don't smirk! If you drop aloof innuendoes about your neighbors, you're as guilty as the busybodies you despise.

7. Do you avoid responsibility for community projects such as curb landscapings, vacant-lot weed control, community-fund solicitations? Good neighbors share these civic duties.

8. On a more personal level, do you evade sacrifice of time, convenience, or even money when a neighboring home is hit by serious illness, death, or other critical trouble? Expressing sympathy helps, but often it's not enough. Action may be needed.

9. Do you assume that the folks next door love your dog despite his frequent barking and other regrettable habits?

10. Similarly, are your children given too much freedom in the neighborhood, do they roam freely, visiting *ad libitum, ad nauseam?*

11. Are you touchy about your property line, your shrubs and flowers, anything that's yours?

12. Do you carelessly burn trash in the evenings, when smoke hangs so low as to disturb a neighbor trying to entertain on his patio? The after-work hour is not best for nail pounding, either.

13. Are you a neighborhood status seeker? It may be regarded as pure arrogance when you build something more imposing than your neighbors, when you put up a fence that makes you "exclusive," or flaunt a high-priced new sedan alongside their older economy cars.

14. Do you belittle your church by ignoring its services and never joining its activities? This may be the best cue of all. Neighbors quickly sense spiritual depth in you and react by showing their best sides and their most sincere friendliness.

You could add other questions to fit your particular family and neighborhood, but an honest answer to the 14 above can be a valuable mirror. Add up your yes answers only. If they total no more than four or five, take heart; there's room for improvement, but no need to despair. If they total 10 to 12, you need prompt action; say, a family conference to discuss your attitudes and to make some joint resolutions.

And if the yeses total 12 or more, please, for humanity's sake, move immediately to a house centered on a 10,000-acre Montana ranch!

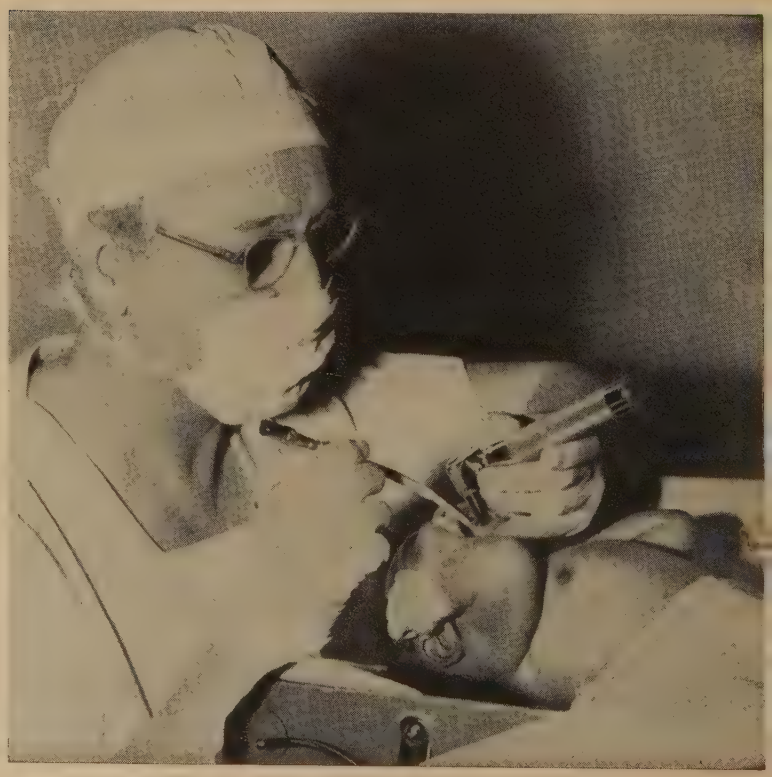
CONDUCTOR OF THE WOODS. His goal: developing talent.

MUSICIAN WITH A VISION. When Joseph E. Maddy founded the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., in 1928, most of the educators who watched agreed such a crazy idea could only fail. The camp did come close to financial disaster several times in its early years, but musically its success grew with each camp season. Over the past 33 years, more than 20,000 talented youths from every state have attended the Interlochen camp. When its 34th season ends this summer, Maddy's lifework of helping gifted youths develop their abilities will be carried a step further as the beautiful grounds between two northern Michigan lakes become the campus of Interlochen Arts Academy. For 32 weeks it will enroll 225 boys and girls of unusual talent for regular high-school courses and advanced study in their fields of special aptitude.

A Kansan by birth, Maddy received his musical training in that state, then joined the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra to begin his professional music career. Now a professor of music at the University of Michigan, he is a member of Ann Arbor's First Methodist Church—and, of course, its music committee.

Unusual

RESEARCHER. She switched from anesthetics to birth defects.



BABIES' BENEFACTOR. After 30 years as a specialist in anesthesiology, Dr. Virginia Apgar switched to new work in 1958. Now, as chief of the division of congenital malformations at the National Foundation in New York, she seeks causes for the baffling birth defects which affect 1 in 16 infants.

While professor of anesthesiology at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, Dr. Apgar developed the Apgar Score, a procedure widely used in the examination of newborn babies. Its five simple tests can be performed quickly and easily in the first minute of an infant's life; results can be vital in determining if a child is normal and healthy. Dr. Apgar also pioneered another lifesaving delivery-room technique—mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. "The Bible tells how Elisha used this method to restore a child to life," she points out.

Off duty at her home in suburban Tenafly, N.J., Dr. Apgar has two hobbies—playing the viola and making violins. An active member of Tenafly Methodist Church, she is vice-chairman of the commission on missions.

PRESERVER OF PETROGLYPHS. Sometimes when Charles LaMonk completes a painting, neither he nor anyone else knows exactly what he has portrayed. A commercial artist by profession and a student of American Indians by avocation, the Palmdale, Calif., Methodist combines vocation with hobby by copying the pictographs and petroglyphs with which prehistoric Indians decorated caves of the Southwest. Archaeologists haven't yet learned to decipher all these primitive writings, and fear time, weather, and souvenir hunters will destroy them forever. Thanks to LaMonk, many now are preserved for future study.

Using squares of fiberboard instead of canvas, the artist mixes white lead, sand, and dust to form simulated rock surfaces, sometimes adding shades of smoke. Near a cave he occasionally finds sources of the same red and yellow ochres which the prehistoric artists used for their paints.

At Palmdale Methodist Church, both LaMonk and his wife are valued members, she in the nursery and kitchen, he in youth meetings where his knowledge of Indian lore makes him a favored leader, indoors or out.

CAVE CRAWLER. Museums prize his rare copies of ancient art.

Methodists

TOP LAWYER. Epworth League helped his career along.

LAWYERS' CHIEF EXECUTIVE. In Mississippi, John C. Satterfield is well known as a civic leader, onetime state legislator, and legal counsel for major corporations. At Methodist conferences (General, 1952, 1960; Southeastern Jurisdictional, 1956, 1960), he is respected as an articulate speaker and a skilled parliamentarian. In St. Louis next month, this courtly Mississippian will take his profession's highest office: presidency of the 100,000 member American Bar Association.

From his boyhood in Port Gibson, Miss., Satterfield grew up planning to follow his father's career in law. Always ready to make speeches, he practiced on the Methodist Epworth League of which he was an active member. His church interest never has waned. For most of 30 years, the new ABA president has served on Methodist boards of stewards and has taught men's Bible classes, first at Galloway Memorial Church in Jackson, now at First Church, Yazoo City. At home, Mr. and Mrs. Satterfield share a No. 1 hobby: gardening and landscaping their yard on a bluff overlooking the Yazoo Delta.

The typical Pima's home—a squalid adobe shack—has changed little in a hundred years.

Adrift in a sea of progress, these Indians still have hope:

Lo, the Poor Pima!

By BERT FIREMAN

LONG BEFORE the white man came to Arizona, the Pima Indians had settled an area stretching 40 miles eastward along the course of the Gila River from its junction with the Salt River. Today they live there still, but the mushrooming metropolis of Phoenix has crept within sight of their homes on the Gila River Reservation. This unusual juxtaposition of one of America's most modern, fastest-growing cities and the bleakness of reservation land provides a striking contrast—and a sad picture of the tribe's plight.

From their Salt River Reservation, the Pimas can see a multi-million-dollar power plant and an electronics factory which produces missile parts. Yet many of the Indians still must fetch water from a single tap at the government agency six miles away.

The suburban towns of Scottsdale, Tempe, and Mesa are spilling houses around the southern and western borders of Pima lands. On one side of the road, white men are building sprawling ranch houses equipped with air conditioning, swimming pools, and two-car garages. On the other, Pimas are living in adobe, tin, and tar-paper hovels squatting forlornly on parched plots of land.

One would expect the Pimas to be a bitter, defeated people, particularly since better-known tribes of the Southwest—notably the Navahos and the Apaches—have received more substantial aid from federal educational programs and from volunteer organizations. But this is not the case. Amazingly, the Pimas have retained the spirit of friendliness and the industry which so impressed the first white scouts to contact them.

Two factors help explain the Pimas' patient steadfastness. First, they always have had to wrestle existence from their unfriendly environment. The land, baked dry by a merciless sun, has for centuries yielded material rewards as reluctantly as does the white man today. Second, the Pimas were introduced to Christianity earlier, and embraced it more completely, than most western tribes.

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, a Jesuit priest, established a mission among the Pimas in 1694. Even today, many remain Roman Catholics, although Presbyterians now predominate.

An adventurous Methodist, Charles H. Cook, actually laid the groundwork for later Presbyterian work

among the Pimas. Fascinated by an article he had read about the tribe, and envious of friends going to mission fields abroad, he made his way west and established the first school among the Pimas.

The chain of circumstances which led Cook to the Pimas began in 1868 when Gen. A. J. Alexander, then commander of Fort McDowell in Arizona Territory, wrote the following letter to the Ladies' Union Mission School Association in Albany, N.Y.:

"I had a very interesting conversation with Antonio Azul, chief of the Pimas. He told me he would welcome any person I would send to teach them, and that the children would go to school. I told Antonio that the good people of the East, who loved the Indians, would send a good man to teach them, and that he would only come to do them good."

General Alexander was not able to make good immediately on his promise to the chief. In 1870, Capt. F. E. Grossman, a U.S. Indian agent, wrote another letter to Albany:

"A schoolroom has been set apart, but I am still without a teacher and see no prospect of obtaining one unless associations in the East will lend a helping hand. I am inclined to believe the efforts to Christianize the Pimas will not be strongly opposed. . . ."

General Alexander, refusing to abandon the school idea, then wrote the article for the *New York Evangelist* which captured Cook's attention. Cook, who had served in the Civil War, was working as a bank clerk in Chicago at the time. Although born in Germany and reared in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, he had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the U.S. and was extremely active in city-mission work.

At first, Cook was discouraged in his efforts to help the Pimas. In answer to one of his inquiries, the Indian Affairs Office in Washington, D.C., offered the opinion that "it would not be safe to go forth on such an enterprise."

But Cook's missionary zeal was not so easily cooled. "The thought came to me," he wrote, "that the same Lord who had protected me during the war would also protect me in Arizona. . . ." Although he lacked funds for the journey west, he confidently set out, preaching along the way and hitching rides with freighters impressed by his religious zeal and sincerity. His records indicate his confidence and faith were not misplaced.

"Friday, December 23, 1870," he wrote, "I arrived at Pima Agency with nearly as much cash on hand as I had when I left. Captain Grossman, a fellow German, and his noble Christian wife gave me a hearty welcome."

As the first teacher among the Pimas, Cook left his mark upon the Indians. As an example, for years they spoke English with a German accent!

Two years after his arrival, Cook brought his bride—a member of the German Methodist Episcopal Church—to Arizona, and for nine more years both worked at meager government pay as teachers among the Indians. They devoted every spare hour to preaching the Gospel to the Indians. Over much of this period, support and encouragement came from leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which had been established in Phoenix.

Cook later ran a general store near the Pima reservation, but when the Rev. Sheldon Jackson stopped to visit him on a tour of the Southwest, he was easily persuaded to return to missionary work. Joining the Presbyterian fold, Cook for many years devoted full time to establishing a Pima mission for that denomination.

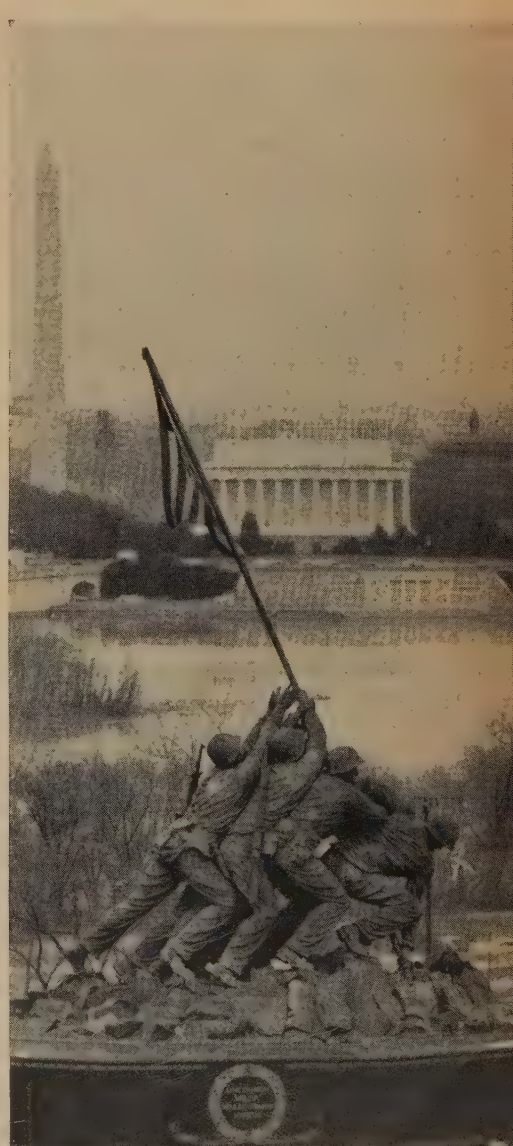
The Pimas learned well from Cook the Christian lessons of faith and charity. White men might well envy the patient courage with which the Pimas have so often "turned the other cheek"—although some white men have taken advantage of this admirable trait at the Pimas' expense.

The facts are that the Pimas seem suspended somewhere between the distant past and the 20th century. Most of them dress like the whites, and many of their nondescript homes now sprout television antennas. But it was only a few years ago that they were permitted to attend public high schools; and even with the education most still must be content to work as farm or ranch hands, or as domestics.

Ira Hayes, a Marine Corps hero of World War II, symbolizes the difficulty the Pimas have had in adjusting to the white man's civilization. The likeable Hayes, endowed with great courage and a fierce fighting spirit, was one of the four Marines immortalized in the famous photograph of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima's Mount Sirabachi.

Hayes was lionized as he toured the U.S. on a bond-selling drive, but he was ill-prepared for fame. As the postwar years passed, he became a familiar figure in the drunk tanks of Arizona jails. Then, one wet and chilly night, he died in a field near his reservation home.

The Pimas do not like to talk about Hayes, partly because of the unheroic



Ira Hayes, a Pima hero of World War II, is one of the Marines depicted in this Washington, D.C., statue of the famed Iwo Jima flag-raising.

Methodism and the American Indian

METHODIST concern for the Indian traces back to John Wesley, the denomination's founder. He arrived in Georgia in 1736 with the hope of evangelizing the Indians, returning to England after 21 months. Although apparently unsuccessful, he drew attention to an area of great opportunity and need.

By 1838, when 13,000 Georgia Cherokees were driven from their homes to Indian Territory, 3,200 were Methodists. Two Methodist missionaries walked with them along the torturous "Trail of Tears" to Oklahoma. [See also *These Choctaws Stayed Put,* October, 1960, page 64.]

American Methodism's long record of missionary outreach began in 1816 among Indians (see *He Came a Singing!* January, page 2). John Stewart's lilting spirituals and fiery exhortations so captivated the previously rebellious Wyandots at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, that Methodism established its first missionary society three years later.

Today, The Methodist Church has Indian missions in 17 states. In Oklahoma alone, where one sixth of America's Indians live, the Indian Mission Conference has more than 100 preaching places and some 8,600 members—all served by Indian pastors.

Comity, a term applied to informal agreements by which Protestants avoided duplication of missionary effort, accounts partially for the fact that one denomination often predominates today in one tribe. For example, Methodism is strong among Oklahoma's Five Civilized Tribes—Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole—while the Sioux are largely Presbyterians and Episcopalians.

Today, Christian opportunity among the Indians is greater than ever. Methodist membership alone has doubled in the past 18 years.

circumstances of his death and partly because of an old tribal taboo against mentioning the dead. This taboo is one of the rare holdovers from their primitive religion, which occasionally manifests itself in prayers for rain or in "healing" rites.

There are many subtle factors involved in the Pimas' failure to blend into the white man's world. Trapped in the ambition-sapping bonds of federal wardship, they live on an enclave of tiny, primitive farms in this age of sprawling, mechanized farming. Their horizons are narrowed by inadequate educational opportunities, and their opportunities for employment too frequently are narrowed by prejudice.

The Pimas who do attend nearby public high schools often find their background prevents them from competing with white students, either academically or socially. Upon graduation, most Indian youth have to be content with jobs as farm or ranch hands. Many of the girls can find work only as domestics in the cities, and a few boys with vocational training find jobs in trades off the reservation.

Few Pimas get a college education, and those who do usually find employment away from home, depriving the tribe of leadership it so badly needs.

Much of the choice, irrigated land on the reservation is rented to white farmers. Only the most resourceful Indians are able to scrape together the capital necessary to acquire the large tracts of land and expensive machinery required by the present farm economy. Many toil as laborers on their own land.

Originally, each tribe member was allotted 10 acres of land, but all available water now is appropriated for existing farms and no new grants can be made. Meanwhile, the original allotments are fragmented into tiny plots by the process of inheritance.

This same land once supported the Pimas well. They built elaborate irrigation systems and produced flourishing crops of corn, beans, and squash. When Kit Carson, scouting for a military expedition of the First U.S. Dragoons, first visited the villages in 1846 and asked to buy provisions, the Indians replied: "Bread is to eat, not to sell; take what you want." An Army lieutenant with the main party which camped at the Indian villages recorded this description in his journal:

"Our camp was filled with Pimas loaded with corn, beans, honey, and watermelons. . . . We were at once impressed with the beauty, order, and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Corn, wheat, and cotton are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent people."

It is an unhappy turnabout that the Pimas, who pioneered in irrigation, now have difficulty obtaining enough water even for home use. A few years ago, the city of Phoenix decided to build a water line across the Salt River Reservation to the Verde River, and the tribe demanded a right-of-way payment. But one Indian woman said she didn't care so much about the money. She just wanted the fresh water piped to her kitchen.

Dedicated individuals in the Indian Service have worked hard to improve the lot of the Pimas. They have fought for water rights, and employ as many tribesmen as they can in field services, schools, and offices. But the hard fact remains that the poor Pima has difficulty emerging above the level of a hand-to-mouth existence. Squeezed between the sprawling urban complexes of Phoenix and Tucson, his living space is shrinking rapidly; and living the kind of life his ancestors did is impossible.

What is the answer to the Pima's dilemma? Many of his friends feel his only hope lies in leaving the reservation and somehow making a place for himself in the white man's world. "They have been too reserved, too placid, and too resigned," these friends say. "They have been too willing to accept the few crumbs which fall from the white man's table. All they have left now is their spirit."

This spirit is evident in the fact that, even today, the Pima remains patiently hopeful that his friendship will be rewarded. Instead of lashing out at the world around him, he merely asks for a chance.

"Give us better schools for our children," he says. "They must have a better education than my generation. I can read and write English, but that is not enough today."

SUNDAY EVERY DAY

By RUTH ELIZABETH BAIRD

For this family, the Sabbath is a day spent in getting to know God and each other better. They wish it came more often.

MY CHILDHOOD Sundays were filled with *don'ts*—"don't do this" and "don't do that"—until it seemed the order of the day was, "Don't have any fun." This was intended to instill in me a respect for God, but in my childish mind it created a picture of a stern, grouchy, even unloving God.

My husband grew up in exactly opposite circumstances. Sunday in his home was merely a day off—a day for sleeping late, going to ball games, and having parties. No thought was given to church.

When we had children, we decided that neither of these black-or-white extremes was the answer. We wanted to make their Sundays significant without making them oppressive. We wanted to make the Sabbath a day when they could temporarily forget their cares without forgetting their responsibilities to God. We hope we have succeeded.

From the time we arise until we say our bedtime prayers, Sunday in our home is special in every way. It is, first of all, the Lord's Day. We go to his house, the church, to worship. Only illness or catastrophe can keep us away.

We sleep an hour or two later than usual on Sunday, but we do not rush into church on the heels of the choir. Each activity is planned so that there will be no last-minute stampede to shatter the easy, quiet contemplation of the day.

Breakfast is simple, consisting of hot chocolate and sweet rolls which take on additional warmth from the family gathered together in unhurried fellowship.

Often we buy an early edition of the Sunday paper on Saturday night. Even when we don't get a paper until Sunday morning, we set aside the funnies for reading after church. Just as we would not dull our appetites with sweets before dinner at a friend's house, we do not clutter our minds with worldly matters before worshiping in God's house.

Even before the children are old enough to grasp the true meaning of Sunday, we try to make it special in other ways. For instance, their favorite Christmas toys are called "Sunday toys" and brought out only on that day. Constant use soon takes its toll of the other toys, but the Sunday toys seem to endure forever.

One rainy Sunday last winter, our four-year-old spent the entire afternoon winding up his new train and sending it rattling around the track. When it was time to put the cherished plaything away for the week, he gave it a last, loving pat.

"Gee," he said wistfully, "I wish it were Sunday every day."

More than anything else, my husband and I try to make church school and church something that children will anticipate eagerly. We believe many children stop attending church or go only under protest because their parents are critical of the church or the minister. My mind was eased on this score when I overheard a conversation between our 12-year-

We Borrowed a Tradition

On his sixth birthday he made the most important purchase of his life—a gift for his mother.

THE WARMEST family customs, destined to be handed down from generation to generation, often start in unexpected ways. Take, for instance, my little daughter Jean's birthday when we went for a walk in our California town. There, in a familiar nook in our favorite park, we met Mr. Hernandez, an elderly Spaniard. He moved along the bench to make room for us.

"You look very pretty today, Jeannie," he said. "Is today a special day?"

"It's my birthday!" Jean exclaimed, dancing with excitement. "I'm going to have a party!"

"How nice," Mr. Hernandez said, giving her a warm smile. Then he brought a silver dollar out of his pocket. "This is for you," he told Jean. "But first there is a story I must tell you." He smiled at us both, studied the coin a moment, then began:

"I have enjoyed 97 birthdays in my life, but the one I remember best is my sixth. After breakfast that day, my father brought out the carriage and called me to go with him to the village. 'In my family,' he told me, 'we children always gave our mother a present on our birthday, just to show that we appreciated her love and to thank her for our life. Each year I have remembered your mother with a gift in your name. Today you are old enough to choose her gift by yourself.'

"In town, he gave me a silver coin and let me out at a small gift shop, where I finally decided to buy a strand of shiny beads. 'You said that my gift must express my love,' I told my father on the way home. 'These beads are as shiny and bright as the sun. Everyone will notice them and see what a beautiful woman is wearing them.' 'It was a good choice,' my father said.

"That's the end of my story," Mr. Hernandez concluded. "Now, Jean, if I give you this dollar, will you buy your mother the nicest gift you can find, just to show her how much you love her?"

"Oh, I will," Jean promised solemnly.

Later, I waited outside the variety store while Jean shopped. It wasn't long before she came back, looking troubled. "I wonder if Mr. Hernandez will care if I divide the money and buy Daddy a present, too," she said. I assured her he would be pleased.

Among my most cherished possessions today is the pincushion Jean bought that day. She decided on it, she explained, "because you make me such pretty dresses." Equally cherished through the years is the bulldog-shaped paper weight she bought her father. No one could take it away from his desk.

So, out of a chance meeting with an old acquaintance, a tradition of sharing and of thoughtfulness was born into our family. And I feel certain it will live on long after my husband and I are gone.

—VALRIE M. GEIER

old daughter and a school friend.

"My folks don't make me go to church," our daughter said, "but they're always so interested that I wouldn't want to miss it by staying home."

I never let the thought of rushing home to prepare an elaborate meal mar my enjoyment of the church service. Our Sunday dinners are different, but simple.

Our son loves Spanish rice, which can cook while we're at church. Our 15-year-old daughter is crazy about pizza, easily prepared the day before. The two younger children gladly would subsist only on hot dogs and hamburgers.

Every Sunday is open house in our home. We seldom invite anyone ahead of time, but the children know their friends are welcome, and we often bring guests home from church. The kitchen can be a cheery place, especially when it's filled with bubbling voices, helping hands, and fellowship.

If the weather is nice, we may go on a picnic. The trees, the flowers, the sun, and the warm breeze seem to caress the body and the soul. Indoors, there always are fine records to be heard and favorite books or chapters in the Bible to be read. The teen-agers wouldn't want their friends to know it, but we all enjoy the luxury of an occasional nap.

Our close relatives are scattered about the country, but we all keep a Sunday date with a chosen radio program. As we listen, our loved ones seem nearer, and a phrase here or there makes us chuckle over what Uncle Henry or Aunt Margaret would say about that.

After a light, informal dinner, the evenings are spent in calling on church friends, or at MYF gatherings or meetings of our church's adult-education class. Sometimes we all are happy just to stay at home together, savoring the special warmth and flavor of those last hours before the weekday rush sends us bustling off on our separate rounds again.

I know, when we retire Sunday night, that each of us has been somehow strengthened and renewed by the day. As minds sink down into sleep, reluctantly relinquishing their grip on the final hours of the Sabbath, each of us wishes just a little that it were "Sunday every day."

Before the RED CROSS Came

From her own still-damp living room, Mrs. J. Hugh Collins serves stew and green beans to Grovewood flood workers. With food from Montgomery WSCS groups and the Red Cross, she and neighborhood women fed 75 daily.

WHEN TROUBLE comes to his parishioners, the minister typically is on the scene early to help in every possible way. Residents of Grovewood Drive, Montgomery, Ala., saw this demonstrated—and carried a step or two farther—this year when record early-spring floods washed a community problem over the doorstep of Methodist Pastor J. Hugh Collins and his family. Their selfless efforts during a week-long, high-water nightmare drew the community's praise—and the commendation of veteran disaster workers.

For five days, sullen skies poured rain on the small community in the north section of Montgomery. By Saturday morning, Catoma Creek and the Alabama River had bolted over their banks and into lowland homes. Trucks from Montgomery and nearby Maxwell Air Force Base began evacuating flood victims and their belongings.

That's when things started popping at the Collins home, on high ground never before touched by floodwaters. Mrs. Collins stocked up on doughnuts and rolls, borrowed a giant coffee urn, and set up an emergency canteen in her living room. The Collins children—Mary Nell, 17, Patricia Ann, 11, and Noble, 9—pitched in; Mr. Collins was in and out, helping where he could, comforting distraught homeowners, acting as the community's roving trouble shooter.

Sunday morning, he set out for his church five miles away, driving 20 miles to hold services as usual. While he was gone, rising waters forced Mrs. Collins to abandon her canteen operation in the parsonage. It was the last of the area's 42 flooded homes to be evacuated.

Wednesday morning, with floodwaters still in the yard, the Collinses swept the silt and debris from their home and called for help from Woman's Society of Christian Service groups in Montgomery. Food was sent immediately, and the Collins living room became a community canteen and dining hall. The next afternoon, however, an exhausted Mrs. Collins drove seven miles into the city to seek Red Cross help. That night, 75 flood victims ate a hot meal in the Collins home.

Mr. Collins plays down his lead role in the rescue operation, modestly says, "Everyone just helped each other."

The pressure eased as others returned to the community. Mrs. Collins helped organize Methodist and Baptist churchwomen to cook and serve Red Cross meals four more days in a nearby home. Yet weeks later, a sign and a flag still marked the Collins home as Red Cross relief caseworkers used their living room as a headquarters.

The Collins family, which also had boarded a flooded-out family until the parsonage was evacuated, scoffs at suggestions of heroism. "We saw help was needed," says Mrs. Collins, "so we just got busy and started things rolling." "Everyone just helped each other," adds Mr. Collins.

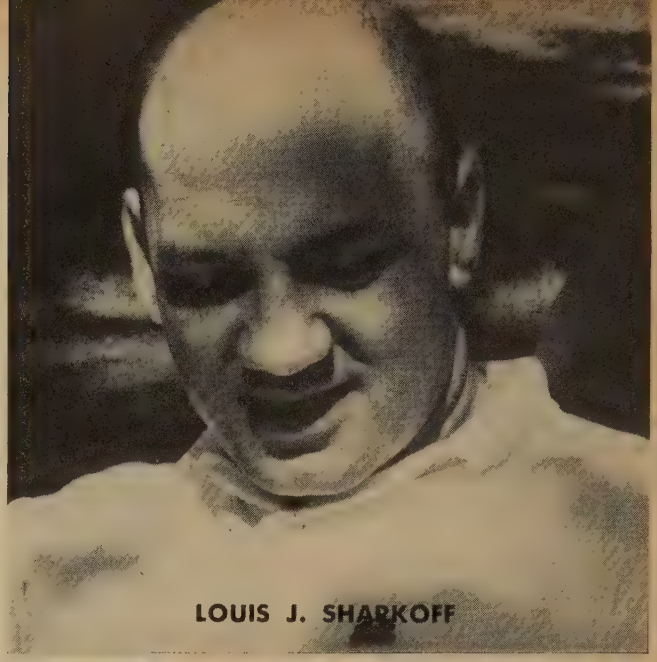
But special praise came their way from W. D. Dibrell, a Methodist who headed Red Cross relief efforts in a four-state area.

"Without the direct help of the churches," he declared, "our job would be difficult at best. Without volunteers such as Mr. and Mrs. Collins, it would be impossible."

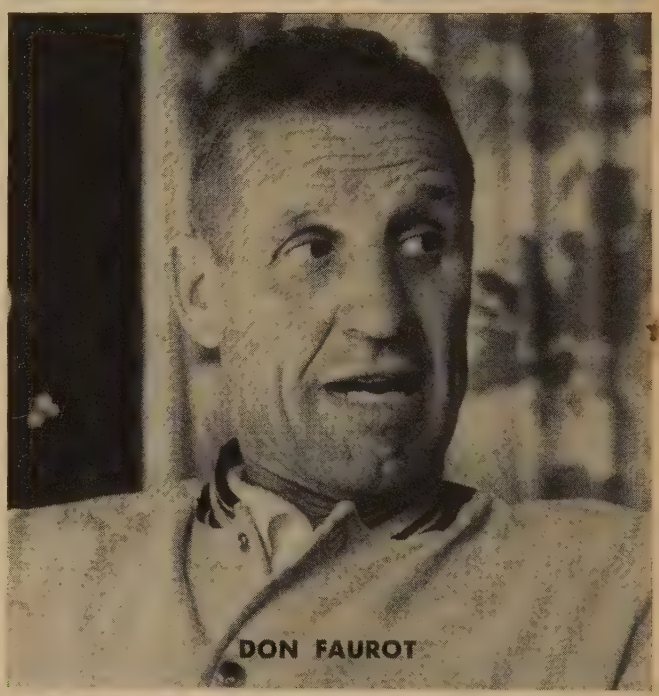
Louis J. Sharkoff (right), director of the Highland Park (Mich.) Boys Club, asked a group of youngsters to define sportsmanship. One girl's answer: "That is when we listen to the other person's story before we start fighting." Sharkoff, one of hundreds of coaches, ministers, and athletes who back the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, agrees that this is not quite what the true sportsman believes. The entire question is of concern to the FCA, a nonprofit, nondenominational organization of athletes, as is the fact that more than half of America's youths today receive no formal religious training. The number of outstanding athletes and coaches who give freely of time and talents to the FCA contradicts the belief of some that religion is only for the sissy. Each summer since 1956, athletes from all over the nation have convened for study sessions and worship. Last year it was Estes Park, Colo., and Lake Geneva, Wis., where a *Together* reporter went to interview these men.—EDS.

8 Athletes and Coaches Tell:

THE FINEST SPORTSMANSHIP I'VE EVER SEEN



LOUIS J. SHARKOFF



DON FAUROT

DEWEY KING

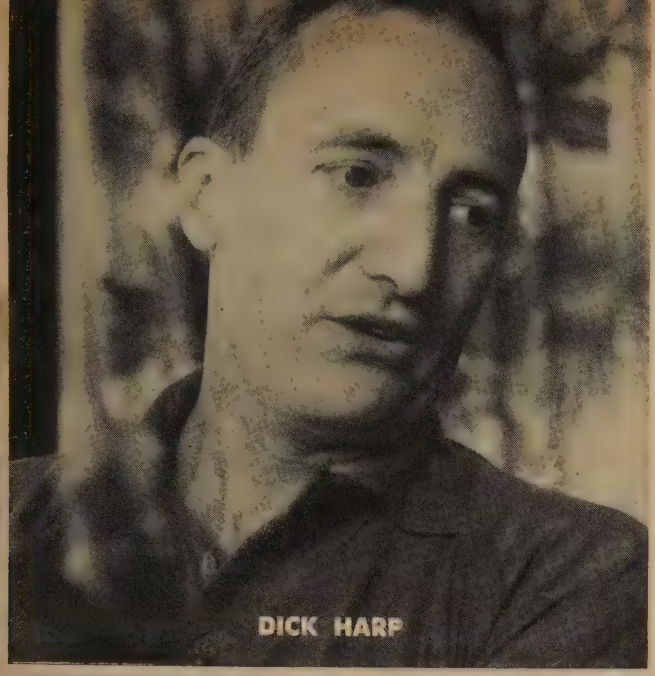
'I think of Gray and Christman'

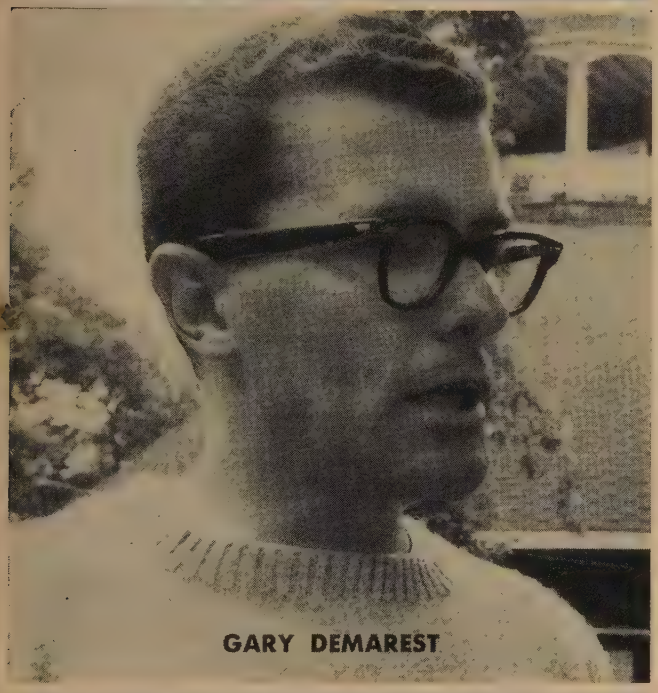
DON FAUROT

Director of Athletics, University of Missouri

TWO EXAMPLES come to mind. One involves Leven Gray, who played halfback at Missouri some 10 years ago. In one game, the referee noticed an opposing player take a vicious slap at Gray. The official, at the point of throwing the offending man out of the game, asked: "Why did you do that?"

"He bit me on the thumb," the player said, pointing to Gray, who was standing nearby. The official turned


DICK HARP


GARY DEMAREST

GEORGE NUTT

toward Leven. "Is that right?" he asked Gray bluntly.

Although Gray knew no one had witnessed the incident, he did not hesitate to answer in the affirmative.

"Then you're out of the game, instead," the referee said, motioning to the side lines.

On the bench, Gray explained: "He stuck his thumb in my mouth, Coach, and I couldn't help shutting down on it."

A minor incident, perhaps. But the important thing is that character and integrity are often revealed in the little things, that a less-honest man could have denied guilt.

Integrity was a characteristic of Paul Christman, one of football's all-time great passers and for 10 years an outstanding player for the Chicago Cardinals. Funny, once it took a little white lie to reveal it.

We were playing Kansas State at Manhattan, Kans., and were one point behind late in the first half. I sent in a play which called for Christman to throw an out-and-down pass to our right halfback, Ralph Carter. Well, it was a perfect pass. It sailed 55 yards and hit him right on the button in the end zone.

And Carter dropped the ball!

The half ended a few seconds later, and I found myself striding out on the field, to ask Carter why he couldn't hold the ball. Paul Christman intercepted me before I could reach the heartbroken Carter and said earnestly, "Coach, the sun was shining right in his eyes."

A reasonable explanation? Yes—except, as I looked up, I noticed that the sun wasn't even close to being in the proper position!

That friendly little fib detracts nothing from the sportsmanship of men like Paul Christman. In my experience, I've found that the true sportsmen come from good religious backgrounds. For sportsmanship and religion are built on the same basic idea—that of living and playing by the Golden Rule.

'Jack stepped out of the spotlight'

DEWEY KING

Backfield Coach, Rutgers University

WHEN Jack Hanlon came to the University of Pennsylvania, where I was backfield coach, he weighed 196 pounds and could run the 100 in 10.3 seconds. He immediately won a position on the freshman team as a hard-running, ball-carrying back. He became a regular in his sophomore year and, during the next season, was a leading ground gainer. As Mr. Touchdown, Jack received wide publicity. His fame was nationwide and he was a campus hero.

As Jack prepared for his senior year, the picture changed. Penn desperately needed a blocking back and none was in sight. Hanlon knew this as well as I did. He came to me and volunteered to play fullback, knowing full well this would mean giving up most of the ball handling, that the spotlight would be shifted to someone else. It meant also the grind of relearning all plays for one of the team's toughest assignments.

Well, before the season was over, sports writers were calling the Yonkers (N.Y.) boy one of the greatest block-

ing backs in the country. Those of us who knew him as a team man, and of the sacrifice he had made, thrilled every time he'd pull out and mow down the opposition for the ball carrier. Because of him we had an unusually successfull season in 1959. Later, Jack was signed by the Cleveland Browns—as a blocking back!

'Wilt was a shining example'

DICK HARP

Basketball Coach, University of Kansas

WHEN I THINK of sportsmanship, I don't think of an incident. I think of a man—Wilt Chamberlain, whose deportment on the basketball court was beyond reproach.

Many men may exemplify good sportmanship in a given situation. Most of us find it easy under certain conditions. But Wilt was a shining example of true sportsmanship in every game he played at the University of Kansas.

As his coach, I saw this unusually tall and talented boy harassed and harangued almost constantly. He was double and triple-teamed, and if ever a man had reason to fight back or engage in rough tactics, Wilt did. But he remained, even under extreme provocation, the personification of fine sportsmanship.

'I remember DeBay and Moomaw'

GARY DEMAREST

Presbyterian Minister, Former FCA Program Director

TERRY DEBAY, a UCLA line backer, was having a great deal of trouble with a pugnacious tackle on the opposing team. Every time the officials weren't looking, it seemed, the tackle would throw a right cross to DeBay's chin.

"What am I going to do about that guy?" he asked Donn Moomaw, the other UCLA line backer.

"Don't ask me," Moomaw replied. "I have a few problems, too."

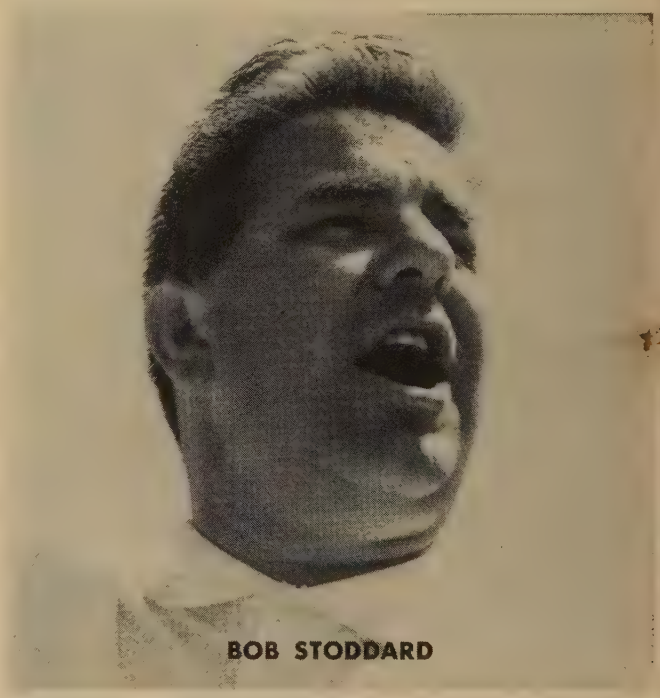
The next time the tackle came exploding through, DeBay hit him hard and clean—and down his opponent went. Many another player, under the circumstances, might have turned and smugly walked away. Not DeBay. He reached down and helped the tackle to his feet. There was no more slugging that afternoon.

During the years I spent as program director of the Christian Athletes, I met many men who wore the character marks of true sportsmen. Bob Richards was one—a man noted for helping his opponents. Donn Moomaw, whom I mentioned, was another. He was a UCLA linebacking hero who was chosen All-American on eight major selections in 1952 and named one of the world's 10 greatest athletes by Editor Stanley Woodward in *Who's Who of Sports* (1953). Like Richards and others, he planned to enter the ministry and did (at present he's assistant pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, Calif.). He prayed before going into a game, but he prayed for his competitors as well as for himself. He didn't pray to win. The Christian athlete never does. He prayed that he would be able to do his best in the spirit of sportsmanship.

So, when I think of fine sportsmanship, I think of Donn. As a line backer in one of the roughest, toughest conferences in the country, he was called upon to be the most aggressive and high-spirited of all the defenders. Yet, during his long career, *he never once was penalized for personal rule infractions.*

Donn didn't leave his religion, his integrity, or his conscience on the bench.

One example of his attitude should suffice. While playing football in Canada, he caught a pass down near the ground. It was ruled complete. But Donn told the referee that it had touched the ground before he caught it. And it had. Donn didn't think it was anything great. For him, it was just the right thing to do.



BOB STODDARD

'He always had a grin'

BOB STODDARD

FCA Program Director, Former Coach

JIM MACKEY was the bravest boy I ever knew and, in a most tragic way, the finest example of sportsmanship. He was big and tall, and in the summer of 1956 he pitched his Patterson (N.Y.) Little League baseball team to a championship. At Carmel High, where I was athletics director and football coach, we looked forward to adding this six-foot, 180-pound youngster to our football team.

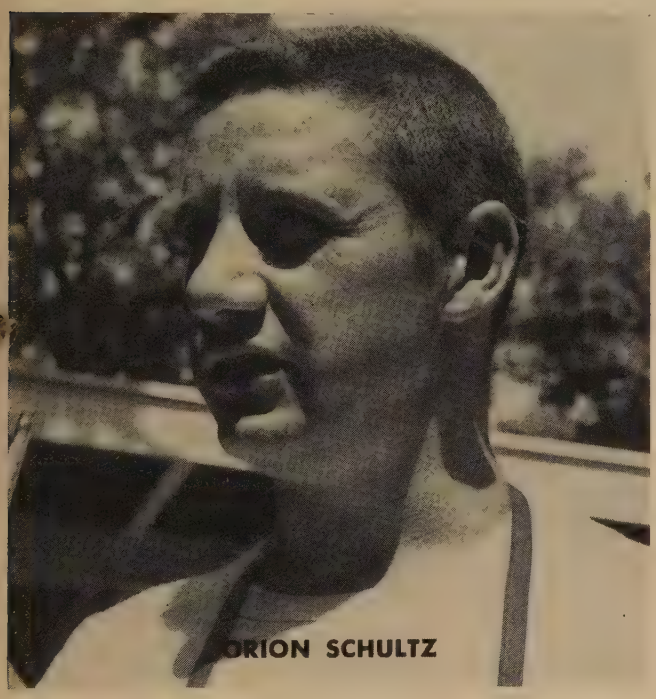
But our dreams for Jim were never realized. In the summer of 1957 he developed cancer, and it was necessary to amputate his right leg. When he entered school on crutches that September, he requested a spot as manager of the team. It was as close as he'd get to playing.

"Sure, Jim," I said, "but you have to be with the team every night."

Jim's duties as manager would have been enough, I suppose, for a normal boy with two good legs. But his enthusiasm was contagious as he went about fetching sheets of plays, a roll of tape from the first-aid kit, or a chin strap for someone's helment. Soon his spirit and boundless enthusiasm began to permeate the whole team.

Typical was the night that Big Jim fell down. The coaches and team were on the field warming up. Jim appeared near one end zone on his crutches, lugging the first-aid kit and my set of plays. All of a sudden one crutch slipped.

My first instinct was to run and help him, but quickly I restrained myself and the other boys. "Come on Jim," I shouted, "hurry up with those plays. You're holding up practice." I knew that was the way he would want it.



ORION SCHULTZ

Jim struggled to his feet and came puffing up to us. Depositing the kit on the ground, he said, "Coach, it's a good thing you didn't have me carrying the ball for a touchdown then, 'cause I'd have fumbled it sure as anything."

That was the kind of stuff the boy was made of, and that was the way we tried to treat him.

Jim didn't miss a practice for four weeks. Then he had to return to the hospital. This time he had cancer of the lungs. He was given six weeks to live.

Meanwhile, our team—inspired by Jim—swept through an undefeated season. Along with our prayers, we decided to give Jim the football which symbolized the county championship. We were to make the award at the annual football banquet, but Jim was too ill to attend.

We tried not to let our concern show when the boy appeared at a basketball game a few weeks later. He was only a pale image of himself, but he still wore that big, brave smile as he said: "I'm on a diet you know, Coach."

After the game, Jim and I went to the athletic office where I presented him the football. "We all feel you worked as hard for this as any player or coach," I said.

Tears filled the boy's eyes and, as he started to hobble out, he turned and gave me a long penetrating look.

"Good-by, Coach," he said.

"You mean 'so long,' don't you, Jim?"

The slow smile came again.

"Don't worry, Coach. I'm all set."

Two days later Jim Mackey was dead.

'The team volunteered'

GEORGE NUTT

Coach, Gordon (Nebr.) High School

IN BASKETBALL, things happen fast—so fast that even the best referee sometimes must depend on the sportsmanship of the players if he is to call all infractions and make the right decisions. This very situation arose several years ago when I was basketball coach at Dorchester, Nebr. We were in an overtime period against a tough team—Beaver Crossing, I believe—when the ball was passed out of bounds. Instead of giving the ball to Beaver Crossing, which was set for an offensive play, the official incorrectly handed it to us. Our boys scored quickly in the unguarded basket.

When the confusion subsided, the import of what had happened occurred to everyone. Should Dorchester insist that Beaver Crossing's hard luck was our good fortune? The boys didn't feel that way. They voluntarily and good naturedly yielded the two points. The ball was given to Beaver Crossing, and the game proceeded with the incident forgotten.

'Hit 'em hard, boys, but...'

ORION SCHULTZ

Gym Instructor, Birmingham, Mich.

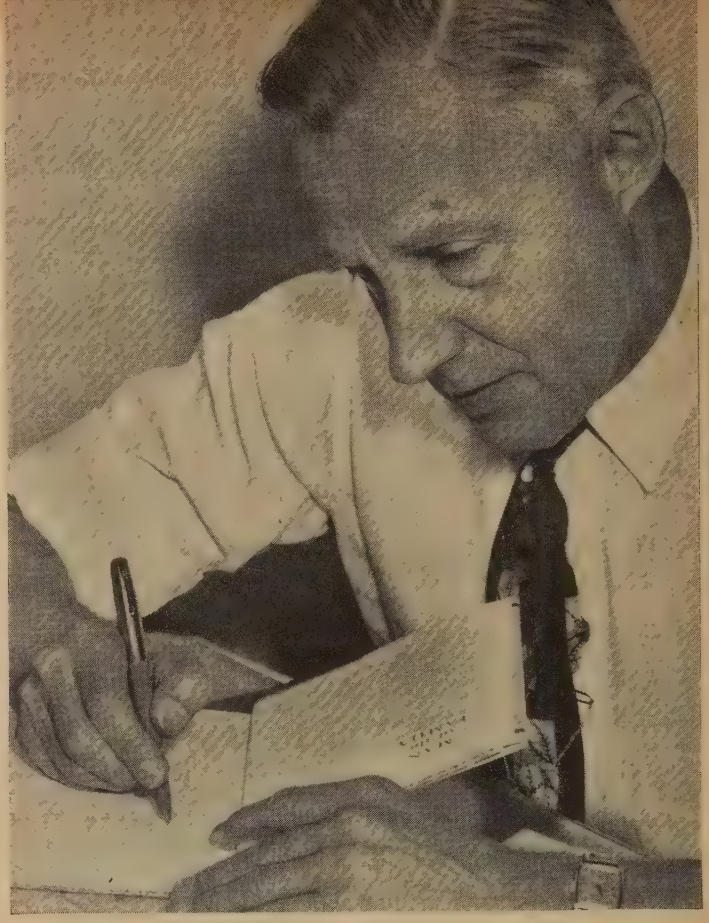
I PLAYED football at Romulus (Mich.) High School under Coach Harold Cass, who stressed one thing: "Hit 'em hard, boys, but hit 'em clean." His sincerity and dedication to this principle made a profound impression on me during an important game we played in the fall of 1945. It was one game we had to win if we were to lead the league. One of our men—one of our best players—made a vicious tackle around an opponent's neck when a clean tackle was possible. Coach Cass pulled him out immediately, and he stayed on the bench for the rest of the game.

This action, taken at the risk of losing an important game, shows that coaches themselves can—and should—be fine sportsmen. I know this example has helped make me a better sportsman, and I know it must have had a similar effect on other members of the squad. What a man is, or what he becomes, is more important than the winning of any game. Our coach taught us that.

Faith, fair play, and hard work were the forces which helped shape the phenomenal twin careers of . . .

Mister LITTLE BRITCHES

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE



Collector's item: Ralph Moody autographs one of his books.

AT THE PEAK of the lunch-hour rush one day in a big West Coast restaurant, the dish-washing crew suddenly sent up a distress signal. Dirty dishes were piling up faster than four men could feed them into the washers, and the waitresses were running low on silverware.

Ralph Moody, a lanky, easy-going man who managed the restaurant, went to investigate. Just a hint of amusement crinkled the sun wrinkles around the friendly blue eyes as he surveyed the mountain of soiled china and cutlery threatening to overwhelm the disgruntled "pearl divers."

"You fellows have been working pretty hard," he observed in his easy, ranch-country drawl. "Now you just sit over there awhile and let me try my hand."

Shedding his coat and rolling up his sleeves, he went to work. In his practiced hands, plates and saucers rolled smoothly—six to the handful—into the washers. Racks of cups went to another, silverware to a third, and glasses to a fourth. Moody soon was puffing, but he didn't slacken his pace. While the four employees watched sheepishly, he handled dishes as fast as bus boys could bring them. When the rush ended, he reached for his coat.

"Boys," he said affably, "I'm glad you called my attention to this. We don't need a fifth man down here. We don't even need four. If I can handle the job alone, two men should be about right." Pausing just long enough to let this sink in, he added: "There's a big raise for the two who want it."

Moody still chuckles about the incident. "The two who stayed never again asked for extra help," he recalls. "I guess we saved a little money, too, but the important thing was that we had two happy workers where there had been four unhappy ones."

Moody's quiet self-confidence and remarkable sense of fair play were shaped by a father with implicit faith in mankind, honesty, and hard work; by a devout Methodist mother who fired his thirst for knowledge and interest in the church, and by a boyhood spent in the demanding ranch country of Colorado. Industry, patience, and respect for his fellow man marked his rise through a succession of odd jobs to a high position in the B/G restaurant chain; and they enabled him to launch a brilliantly successful new career at about the time most men are beginning to look longingly at that old rocking chair.

Moody was nearly 50 when his daughter came home one day and announced that she had been assigned to write a short story for her high-school paper. "You've got to help me," she told her father.

Moody, who had gone to work after finishing the eighth grade, said, "Well, there's a night school around the corner from the office. I'll sign up for the writing course and see if I can learn anything that might help you." He didn't tell his daughter that he had been itching to write for years.

His first class assignment was to tell why he wanted to be an author. "I want to preserve for posterity a record of the rural way of life in these United States before World War I," he wrote. The instructor scribbled across the page: "No you don't either. You want to stir the emotions of your reader."

Moody settled on a character sketch of his father, Charlie Moody, and the story soon was expanded into the book *Little Britches*. Written between jobs at a second desk in his San Francisco office, the book has been read by 25 million people in a dozen languages and now is being made into a movie by Walt Disney.

"I had to write *Little Britches* from a boy's point of view," he says, "because I lacked the fancy grammar to do a book from the grown-up viewpoint."

Maybe so, but he now has published seven books and has three more in the works for this year. All draw heavily upon his boyhood in the West and the simple wisdom of his father, who died when Ralph was only 11.

The Moodys moved from Rochester, N.H., to Littleton, Colo., when Ralph was eight, hoping the climate would cure his father's tuberculosis. "He was sick and trying to wrest a living from the land for a big family," Ralph recalls, "but he never felt sorry for himself."

The elder Moody never passed up a chance to teach his son a lesson about life. When they were working in the fields with horses, he would say: "Understand these creatures, and they'll respond." Today, Moody says he learned a lot of what he knows about people from animals.

Even now, when confronted with a problem, he will recall what a cowboy friend (the Hi Beckman of his books) said when his mother worried about Ralph's learning to ride horses: "If he falls, the ground will catch him."

"The credit for any success I have had," Moody says, "belongs to the two people who raised me, and the fact that we were so poor we never had any outside influences to take our minds off family life."

Moody was 12 when his mother—a year after her husband's death—took her six children back east to Boston. There Moody finished the eighth grade and went to work.

His first job was as elevator boy in an apartment house and paid $4 a week, but he didn't keep it long. A banker liked the way the boy worked and helped him to get a job as board boy at the stock brokerage. That job paid $8 a week, and Moody invested $2 of it in night-school courses in law and accounting.

Though he urged both of his sons to get college degrees, Moody is thankful for circumstances which forced him to get his education at what he laughingly calls his "alma mater."

"You don't go to night school because you're sent," he says. "You go for some definite need, and you work harder because you're pressed for time and money."

Luckily, though, when young Moody decided to learn to play the piano he went to see a Boston girl who offered lessons for 50 cents. He and the teacher, Edna Hudgins, were engaged on his 16th birthday, although seven years passed before they married.

In 1919, Moody's doctor advised him to go west, and a few days later he dropped off a freight train in McCook, Nebr., tired, dirty, and nearly broke. For a year he worked as a harvest hand, mechanic, and cattle buyer. Then he thought of something a wealthy man had told him one day when he was pulling dandelions out of the man's yard and had hesitated a moment before naming his price for the job.

"Remember this, Little Britches," the man advised. "A businessman puts his own price on a job. A hired man lets somebody else put a price on his time."

Noting that Kansas wheat farmers were paying hundreds of dollars for huge threshing machines which they scarcely knew how to run, Moody wrote to every manufacturer in the U.S., intimating that he might be a customer. When he had studied all the literature, he set himself up as a $20-a-day threshing-machine expert.

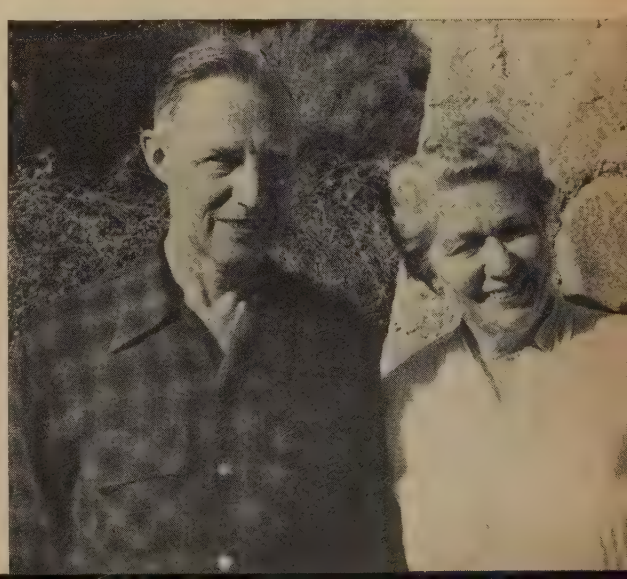
He shortly was able to buy a small farm, but when Edna objected to coming west to live on the wide-open prairies, he pulled up stakes again and went to Kansas City. He found an accounting job with the Procter and Gamble soap company, and 9 months later at the age of 23, he was credit manager.

It was this job which led to his acquaintance with Bert Buck, the founder of B/G restaurants. Buck was having a difficult time making a go of the business and was buying soap and shortening on credit. The future of the business didn't look promising, but Moody liked the way Buck operated and gradually began investing his savings in B/G stock.

He and Edna were married in 1922 and, when he failed to get the raise he requested a year later, he walked out of his credit-manager's job to join B/G. "If we fall," he told his wife, "the ground will catch us."

Moody's accounting innovations boosted B/G profits, but he and Buck were arrayed on the losing side of a proxy fight early in the depression years and found themselves out on the street. Moody operated restaurants at fairs and expositions around the country with varying success. He netted $35,000 during the San Diego Fair one year, but he emerged from a similar venture at the Dallas Exposition the following year with exactly $68.

Moody's mother had taught him to pray for guidance in times of trouble, and he did so with complete faith that the way would be pointed out to him. "I could no more help believing in God," he says, "than I



Their three children married, the Moodys live in a modest house near San Francisco. He retired from business in 1959, now gives full time to writing.

A tenement scene much like this easily could have inspired Dr. Frank Mason North's hymn, our new invitational's theme.

Calling All Color Photographers

Can Your Camera Tell a Story ?

THE FAMILIAR lines of *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life* (No. 465, *The Methodist Hymnal*) are rich in words and phrases that suggest vivid pictures. That's partly why we have chosen it to theme TOGETHER's sixth reader-participation pictorial. The mood-snaring photo above, for example, might illustrate the line, "on shadowed thresholds dark with fears," or "Till sons of men shall learn Thy love." But that's your job: to apply your imagination and camera skill in illustrating this great 20th-century hymn. Won't you accept the challenge—then share with us your best, most story-telling color slides? Deadline for submissions is February 10, 1962. We'll pay $25 for 35mm slides accepted, $35 for larger sizes.

Here are the rules: Read carefully . . .

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies (color prints or color negatives are not eligible).
2. Identify each slide and explain why it was inspired by the hymn.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 10, 1962.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them will become TOGETHER's property (for their files, photographers will receive duplicates of slides purchased).
6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.

***Send to:* Photo Editor, TOGETHER**
740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

could help believing in sunshine. No thinking man could."

A distant relative of the famed evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, Ralph displayed some of the same zeal for church work. When he was a 20-year-old harvest hand, and the tiny prairie hamlet of Cedar Bluffs, Kans., couldn't afford to pay a preacher, he delivered the sermon each Sunday in the community church.

In 1943, the group of stockholders with which Moody was associated regained control of B/G, and he began actively to promote the cafeteria end of the business. His years as a mechanic and on countless other jobs served him well. He helped design dish-washing rooms which saved the company some $4,000 a month.

An incident which occurred several years ago, before B/G employees belonged to a union, perhaps best illustrates Moody's respect and concern for the rights of his associates. Pickets appeared at the door one day and demanded that the restaurant employees join their union. Moody went out to meet them.

"If our people think they need a union," he said, "they probably do. I won't attempt to say how my people feel, but I'll make you an offer."

He would close the restaurants and hire a hall where the organizers could speak to his 154 workers. He insisted on two conditions: (1) He must be able to attend the meeting with the right to challenge any misstatements of facts. (2) If there was an election, he must be allowed to inspect the ballots. But he would abide by his workers' decision.

The meeting was held on a Saturday and the union proposal received only six votes. Two days later Moody signed a union contract. Companies which supplied B/G had been threatened with a boycott if they continued deliveries. "I didn't want to cause the workers a lot of trouble," Moody said. "I was able to get them a year in which to join the union or find other jobs."

Ralph Moody—successful businessman, author, and human being—has demonstrated that character is a structure which can be founded on faith and love and then tempered by hard work until the man stands tall as a giant in industry, the arts, his home, and among friends.

Album of Methodist Americana

WE WHO assemble bits and pieces that become TOGETHER have had front-row seats at an exciting event: a rediscovery by Methodists that Methodism has HISTORY.

"Biggest thrill on our family trip east," writes one Midwestern husband, "was John Street Church in the New York financial district. Our Methodism means more to us now!"

Another family experienced its big thrill at Sea Island, Ga., where John Wesley, founder of Methodism, once walked under live oaks draped with Spanish moss. Others tarried at friendly white churches... at story-rich headstones... at Methodism's 10 shrines.

This, TOGETHER's fifth Photo Invitational, stemmed from the "Methodist Americana Map" published in the November, 1959, issue -- and still available separately (at 50 cents) for glove-box reference. Here we share some of over 1,000 pictures submitted. Photographers are credited on page 75.

This lifelike statue of Bishop Asbury stands in Washington, D.C., near 16th and Columbia.

This spire on a high bluff
ownriver from Sioux City, Iowa,
arks the grave of Sgt. Charles
Floyd, a Methodist on the
Lewis and Clark expedition.

The Blockhouse, a relic of Fort Pitt, served as a Methodist meeting place from 1796 to 1803.

AMERICAN HISTORY SURGED AROUND THESE METHODIST LANDMARKS

IF ANY CHURCH grew up with the country, it is the Methodist. In 1784 the organizing Christmas Conference was held at Baltimore; just five years later in New York, George Washington was sworn in as president of the newborn republic. This intertwining of history made a point not missed by camera-clickers.

One photographer, for example, quickly associated a weathered church at Valley Forge with the winter of 1777-78 and Washington's tattered Army. Another shot a Fort Pitt blockhouse dating from the earlier French and Indian War, for there early Pittsburghers came to pray and to hear Methodist exhorters.

Montana's first Methodist church, erected in 1877, stands lonely watch in Bannack, a ghost town.

Jason Lee's likeness stands on Oregon's capital grounds across the street from Willamette University, which he founded as a mission in 1834.

A Midwestern tourist focused on the prairie spire which marks the spot where the Lewis and Clark party buried an adventurous Methodist who was the first U.S. soldier to die west of the Mississippi. Another singled out a ghostly church which flourished then died along with the brash mining town it served; still another visited the thriving college which is a monument to the hardy minister who made the first big cattle drive to Oregon.

Grouped together, their photos are a documentary showing Methodism and America growing up together.

Methodists break ground for a new building at historic Valley Forge, Pa.

WE METHODISTS LOVE OUR WHITE CHURCHES

METHODISTS seem to feel especially at home on the main streets and country roads of America. And it is significant that TOGETHER's camera-toting readers took more pictures of white churches along these quiet byways than of any other Methodist Americana subject.

Perhaps it's because the white church is a living link with our past, housing cherished memories of Baptisms and marriages. Many see in these plain meetinghouses a symbol of Methodism's homely concern for people, wherever and whoever they may be. Little white churches are a reminder of the events which put a sturdy quality in our faith and our nation.

Today we may worship under soaring towers of glass and steel attuned to our urban era. But the little white church, bravely sitting on the prairie or in the hills, beckons us from the highway, reminding us that here people may sit in the presence of God.

A long-time member snapped this rural church

It still looks new, but this Easton, Conn., church, named for circuit rider Jesse Lee, was built in 1789.

A young tourist poses at Church near Silver City

ton, Iowa which has survived 124 years of continuous use.

Young John Wesley walked where this church stands at Epworth-by-the Sea, Ga.

Slave-hewn pews in the Richlan Miss., Church are 105 years old.

Methodist

A lucky Methodist with a ready camera happened by just as a rainbow arched briefly over Catesby Methodist Church near Gage, Okla.

GREAT NAMES LIGHT UP AMERICA

A clock given to New York's John Street Church by John Wesley still runs today.

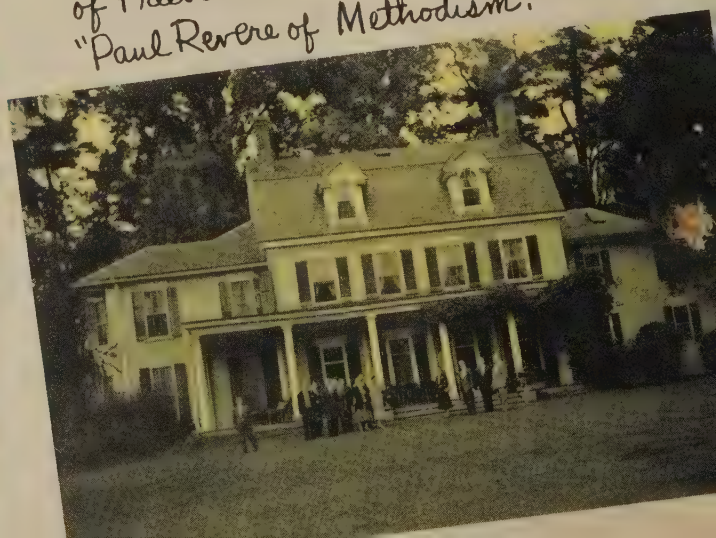
THE READER seeking explanation of Methodism's character in the lives of the men who shaped it is at once struck by their great diversity. At one extreme we find Founder John Wesley, only 5 feet 4 inches tall, a polished Anglican clergyman who was educated at Oxford. On the other hand we see the rough, hearty circuit riders who could sleep by the trail, ride 40 miles, then deliver a fiery sermon in a drafty log cabin before sitting down to a meal.

Old World scholarship and New World enthusiasm were blended by a profound concern for people and a love of God. It stimulated the persistent search for truth and forged the stress on education which still characterize The Methodist Church.

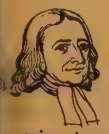
Perhaps the transatlantic differences between Methodists were more visual than real. Certainly, for dedicated vigor, Wesley was the inspiration for Bishop Asbury. "Live or die, I must ride," Asbury declared, and ride he did, some 6,000 miles a year! Dynamic American Methodism became a movement which was to leap mountains and span the continent.

Barratt's Chapel at Frederica, Del., where Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke met in 1784 to plan the Christmas Conference.

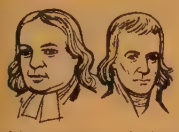
The stately Rhinebeck, N.Y., home of Freeborn Garrettson, famed as the "Paul Revere of Methodism."



METHODIST HISTORY



John Wesley sensed by 1784 that his American followers soon would leave the Anglican fold. Moving fast, he "set apart" Thomas Coke and sent him to America to contact and enlist Francis Asbury as co-superintendent of Methodist work in the societies.



Dr. Coke and Asbury met in Delaware, where they agreed to call the 1784 Christmas Conference. It was at this meeting in Baltimore's Lovely Lane Meetinghouse that Methodism first was organized as a church. It was here, too, that Asbury was elected as the first American Methodist bishop only two days after being ordained.

Freeborn Garrettson, given the task of summoning all ministers to the momentous Baltimore meeting, sped "like an arrow, from north to south" with the result that some 60 of the 83 Methodist preachers were present for the conference on Christmas Eve.

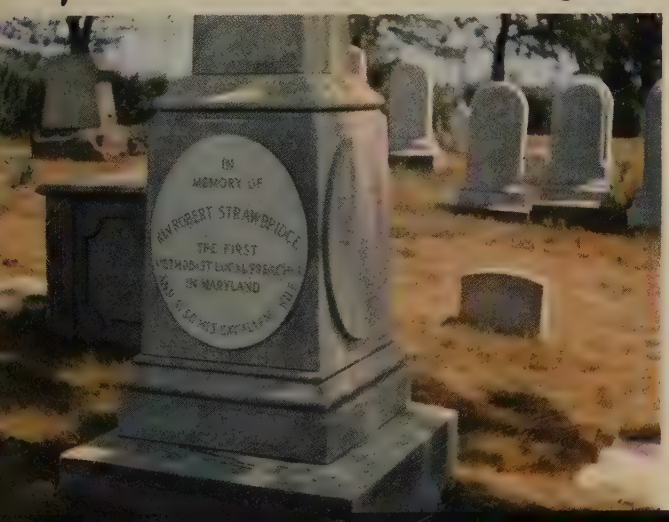
Men such as Robert Strawbridge, an outspoken Irish lay preacher, made Methodism's rapid growth in America possible. Not ordained, but tireless and devoted, he had gained hundreds of converts in Maryland before the War of Independence.

Barbara Heck established a foothold for Methodism in New York when she persuaded Philip Embury to preach in 1776 to the Irish immigrant society which was the forerunner of famed John Street Church.

Peter Cartwright was one of the hardy circuit riders who carried Methodism westward. Superbly fitted for frontier life, he had started churches as far west as Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois by 1823.

These mementoes of Midwest circuit rider Peter Cartwright are still treasured today by descendants living in Midland, Texas.

The Baltimore, Md., resting place of Robert Strawbridge, who converted the first native American Methodist preachers.



The grave of Barbara Heck, a pioneer New York Methodist, lies in the shadow of the Blue Church, near Brockville, Ontario.

A Crisfield, Md., pageant re-enacts a visit by Joshua Thomas, famed "Island Parson."

PUTTING METHODIST HISTORY INTO THE PRESENT TENSE

WHAT MESSAGE do the white churches, John Wesley, Methodism's shrines, and the circuit riders have for us today? If the mute spires and silent statues could speak, what would they say? The answer may be found in the lines of Carl Sandburg's "Remembrance Rock":

"If America forgets where she came from, if the people lose sight of what brought them along, if she listens to the deniers and mockers, then will begin the rot and dissolution."

The Clionian Literary Society at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill., oldest Methodist college in continuous use, still adheres to its century-old traditions.

Alas, poor flowers unpoked by childish noses. That's the author's daughter, Lisbeth.

My Whole Heart Goes Barefoot

by LORENZ BOYD

OUR DAUGHTER, Lisbeth, is nearly five. The mountains are up in the millions. But the little girl and the mountains are like old friends, and many of our Saturdays are invested driving and tramping through the Rocky Mountains near our home.

On these frequent trips, my wife and I have learned something about the way a child responds to the beauty and order in nature. For one thing, we've observed our daughter's wonder is keener, more immediate than ours.

As adults, our interest and awe are often reserved for the spectacular—a broad panorama of high peaks tinged blue and purple up where winter snowdrifts never quite obey summer's mandate . . . a bright golden splotch of shimmering aspen in the nip of autumn . . . low clouds foaming through a valley as the sun sprays them fiery red. Lisbeth's wonder is more immediate. It is underfoot, right around her in smell, touch, sight, and sound.

Lisbeth calls out-of-doors the "outness." Once, hiking through a lush pine forest, she observed: "It smells like God broke a perfume bottle." When a view momentarily vanished, Lisbeth said: "Look—everything disappeared but us." And when we came out of a chasm, she responded, "Well, we're back in the things again."

Animal life is a source of wonder for a child. While we are amused by the antics of the chipmunks around our campfires, Lisbeth fastens an absorbing, joyful attention on them. "You can almost hear his nose wiggle," she says.

Around picnic areas the big snowbirds often land on the table and accept bread tossed over for them. Unique, we say, but "I've got a new bird-friend," is the way Lisbeth puts it.

We've never seen a beaver yet, but in a marshy meadow beaver-dam networks are commonplace. She runs her hand over the trunk of a tree felled by the industrious beaver's teeth. "Touch it—feel where the beaver chopped it."

What we grownups see as protective coloration and environmental adaptation our daughter views as a sort of divine providence. "God's pretty smart. He knows how to take care of little animals." What we see as a unique rock formation becomes a ship, playhouse, or castle.

Pebbles and stones along the path form all sorts of houses and roads. Rocks are "hard potatoes just right to cook." They become "money to pay for (rock) candy." And they can

Charles Wesley might have been dressed for one of the strolls during which he composed many of his hymns when he posed for this water color, now displayed at Trewint, Cornwall, England.

He Had Music in His Heart

TRAVELERS on the King's Highway near London in the 1770s must have wondered at the strange actions of the solitary rider on the gray pony. For now and again, the man wearing the wide hat, tall boots, and a faraway look in his eyes would spur his steed into a gallop to the nearest cottage, leap down, knock at the door, and greet a startled housewife with cries of "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!"

That man was Charles Wesley, brother of Methodism's founder and writer of more than 6,500 hymns. Words and phrases often came to him on the daily rides from his home in the tiny hamlet of Marylebone to the Foundry or West Street, Methodist preaching places in nearby London. Wherever he might be, day or night, he would call for a pen and hurriedly record the new verses in shorthand.

In his honor, and in co-operation with the General Committee on Family Life, TOGETHER is sponsoring The Charles Wesley Award. From now until September 1, 1961, you're invited to compose new words to the meter of any hymn appearing in *The Methodist Hymnal.*

We suggest one of those in common meter, such as *All Hail the Power* [No. 164], but three stanzas written to the meter of any well-known Methodist hymn are acceptable. Anyone is eligible to try for the award.

We wouldn't advise your trying to write on horseback, but the subject matter will give free play to the talents of budding, modern-day Charles Wesleys. The theme is family life, and words should reflect the joy of persons who let God guide them in their relationships with each other, with the church, and with the world at large.

The second stage of The Charles Wesley Award, for music to accompany the winning words, will begin when the lyrics are published in next February's TOGETHER and close on May 15, 1962. A first-place award of $100, a runner-up prize of $50, and five honorable mentions will be given in each of the two categories.

Deadline for submitting lyrics is September 1, 1961. For a complete run down on the rules and details of the exciting premier planned for the winning words and music, write to the address below and ask for The Charles Wesley Award brochure.

Send your entries to:

Music Editor, TOGETHER
740 North Rush Street
Chicago 11, Illinois

be simply objects of beauty and fascination that "shine when the sun touches," or "feel smooth enough to rub over your cheek like a powder puff." Sagging spruce branches form a "house to live in," and icy mountain streams bring the question, "Why won't the water let the sun come in to play?"

Everywhere a child's eyes see questions and discoveries—life. Trees were made for the birds and squirrels, grass and earth and logs for the chipmunks; and occasionally the sun seems made to flash through the forest and spotlight a golden fawn. "It seems like there's something moving everywhere," Lisbeth says.

In summer, our daughter likes to go barefoot through the mushy meadows in lower mountain elevations. "It brings the world up between my toes," she explains.

But the barefoot chances are numbered. At the summit of a pass, nearly 14,000 feet above sea level, we had to explain it was much too cold to go barefoot. At first, she was disappointed. Then as we walked the rim of the summit, peering below where the forests ended and the delicate alpine grass and plants began, Lisbeth suddenly exclaimed, "I don't care if I can't go barefoot . . . my whole heart is going barefoot."

A flower that we admit is a rare beauty is mystery to our child. She stops to breathe in its fragrance and investigate the color inside the petals —"the flower's stomach," she calls it.

Often we have discussed how much of nature can be carefully detailed in a classroom, yet how in nature it isn't at all a science. It is, as our daughter finds it, an emotion to be absorbed. It's a sense of wonder in God's handiwork that—in her uncluttered perception—makes nature a fully marvelous experience.

For Lisbeth, God has touched this earth of ours with creative breath, with a majesty that belittles blueprints and bulldozers. As we've attended that at which she wonders, we have found a renewed wonder ourselves.

True, we may never regain the full simplicity of childhood's wonder. But through Lisbeth we have an appreciation for the world of nature so that sometimes we, too, feel our hearts roam barefoot in the hills.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"So who else do you know who has an electric guitar he can plug into the lighter in his car?"

Q *I'm a boy, 16, and in love. Recently we double dated with my buddy and his girl. Now I'm falling for his girl and mine doesn't seem attractive any more. Am I crazy or something?—S.B.*

A No. At 16 love comes and goes quickly. You are normal.

Q *I'm 14, and the only boy in the family. My sisters get good allowances, and so do all the other boys in the neighborhood. But my father gives me only enough to buy school lunches. He says I should earn the rest. Where can I earn money?—L.T.*

A Perhaps he doesn't realize how hard it is for city boys your age to earn money. Probably your best bet would be a paper route.

Q *I'm a girl, 16. When my parents were divorced, the judge said I could live with whichever one I chose. I started to stay with my dad. It made my mother mad, so I moved in with her. That made my dad mad. I love them both. I can't stand to have them angry with me. What should I do? —N.L.*

A Try writing to both parents. They can read their letters alone and have a chance to think reasonably about your problem. Tell them you love them and want only to live in peace. Suggest spending the next year with your mother, and the year after with your father. If things don't improve soon, go to your minister. Perhaps he can reason with them.

Q *I'm 15. I've been dating a cute girl, 14. She gets cigarettes somewhere and when we're together we smoke. I don't like cigarettes because they make me dizzy. She says I'm chicken. Am I?—R.B.*

A No, you are not. Most people become dizzy when they start smoking, and many become ill. Don't start. Try to persuade your girl to stop. Eventually she will thank you.

Q *I'm a preacher's kid and can't have dates until I'm 16. I don't dare stay out late. I can't smoke or try any of the things the other boys do. Is it any wonder PKs are wild?—H.S.*

A Did you know that preachers' children are not wild? There are some exceptions, but most of them are superior in conduct, character, achievement. It is not smart to smoke. You feel somewhat put upon. So do your friends, though for other reasons. Every normal teen-ager feels abused at times. Actually preachers' kids are privileged beyond most of today's young people.

Q *Is 16 too young to date? I like a boy, 17. He was an Eagle Scout and an MYF officer. He gets good grades at school. I think he's wonderful! However, my father says I am too young to go out with him. How soon will I be able to decide such things for myself?—E.A.*

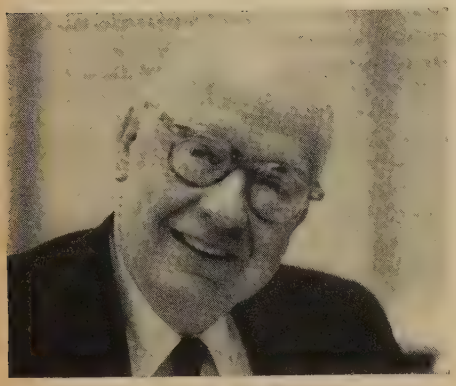
A Many states give girls the right to make such decisions after their 18th birthday. Ask your dad to talk with other fathers about their rules for their daughters. He'll learn he is unusually strict. In many homes, responsible girls of 16 are permitted to go out with responsible boys of 16 or 17. Your friend sounds dependable.

Q *What can a girl do when her father curses? My dad never takes the name of the Lord in vain, but he says things almost as bad.—L.M.*

A Your mother understands your father and will have suggestions. If she approves, try discussing his swearing with him. Be sure he is in a favorable mood.

Q *I'm a boy, 19, in the Army in Germany. I have been very close to my mother all my life. Father deserted us when I was little. Up to now I have not gone out with girls because mother says it would be unfair to her. However, last Sunday I met a wonder-*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About



Your Faith and Your Church

How does the Church save people?

Despite the teachings of some churches, the Church does not save anyone. And no preacher or priest saves anyone. Only God does the saving, through the Son. As Acts 4:12 puts it, there is salvation in no one else except Him. The Church "saves" only as it proclaims this.

Is Protestantism more tolerant than Catholicism?

That depends on what is meant by "tolerance"—whether accommodation to local ideas about bingo, for example, or to community attitudes on such stubborn problems as race relations.

Unquestionably, the Roman Catholic Church is more firm, solid, unyielding (shall we say, "monolithic"?) than Protestant churches. It does not trim its doctrines to suit the prides of its environment, nor does it deliver its priests to the prejudices of the community.

Romanism is authoritarian. There is the authority of the Pope and the bishop, which is to say, the authority of the church. The only authority in Protestantism is the authority of Scripture as it informs, through God's Holy Spirit, the conscience of the person or of the group.

How does 'Son of God' differ from 'Son of man'?

We must never forget that Christianity inherits from both Hebrew and Greek traditions. In Greek thought, a son of God is a divine being come to earth; in Hebrew thought the son is one who is like God, showing forth the being and character of God.

The goodness and loving kindness of Jesus are qualities we have a right to expect in the Father. Without a hint of pride, Jesus could say, "He who loves me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him" (John 14:21). As Reginald H. Fuller explains in *The Mission and Achievement of Jesus,* "Sonship means to Jesus not a dignity . . . but a responsibility to be fulfilled."

The title, "Son of man," which Jesus frequently used on himself, meant that he is the final judge of mankind (Matthew 25:31-46), and also the ideal man, the pattern and example of what man ought to be. He is "the Man," and the universe is to be restored to perfection through him.

Clearly, as Jesus himself used the term, there was added the idea of the Suffering Servant, the embodiment of God's redemptive love. Thus, the idea of Son of Man included both the sovereign authority of God and the humility in identification with man.

Active in Methodist journalism since 1922—most recently as editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, the pastors' magazine—Bishop T. Otto Nall is episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church.

ful young lady and want very much to see her again. Would it be unfair to my mother for me to have a date?—B.B.

A I can understand your mother's feelings. You are all she has. However, you have your own life to live. Probably it is time you started dating.

Q *My father is a square! I enrolled in the drum-majorette course at school. My mother approved but my father flipped. He says no decent girl would be a drum majorette. Can he force me to drop the course?—L.F.*

A Yes, he can. However, he should know that many fine girls are drum majorettes. Can your mother persuade him to talk with the parents of some of them? And with your instructor? Maybe he'll change.

Q *I'm 17. Since I was 12 I have worked and saved my money. Recently I bought a new convertible. Now our neighbors criticize my folks. They say I shouldn't be permitted to have an expensive car. Should my parents listen to the neighbors? Should I keep the car?—H.B.*

A Are you a careful driver? Can you pay for your new convertible? Can you take care of it and still get your homework done? If your answers are "yes," I'd suggest you keep it.

Q *I'm a boy, 19. I have been in love with five different girls. Each one began treating me badly as soon as she realized I loved her. Where can I find a considerate, friendly girl? Or are all girls vicious?—W.I.*

A Very few girls are vicious. I am sorry for your experience. You've been unlucky. You will find good, considerate girls at church affairs.

Q *My parents had a psychologist give me a mental test to see if I'm normal. The test showed I'm okay. However, I have serious trouble with spelling. Will you help me?—M.D.*

A Make a list of the common words you misspell. Look up their meanings in the dictionary. Be sure you understand them. Copy them many times, then have your mother give you

a three-minute spelling drill daily. Alternate writing the words for her and spelling them aloud. You'll soon master them.

Q *Should parents send their children to their own church? My folks are Methodists. I entered church school when I was a toddler. I grew up in our church. However, my boy friend says my parents should have kept me away from church until I was old enough to pick my religion. He's an agnostic. Is he right?—S.F.*

A No, he is wrong. Your character was formed while you were little. Your basic religious beliefs go back to your early childhood. The time may come when you'll want to join another church. If it does, feel free to consider it. But all your life you will be a better person because your parents started you in the Methodist church while you were still a small child.

Q *I took a girl to a school party on my first date. While we were walking home she hugged me hard and kissed me many times. Now I'm in love with her. Is my feeling for her merely a matter of physical attraction? Or is it genuine love?—J.Y.*

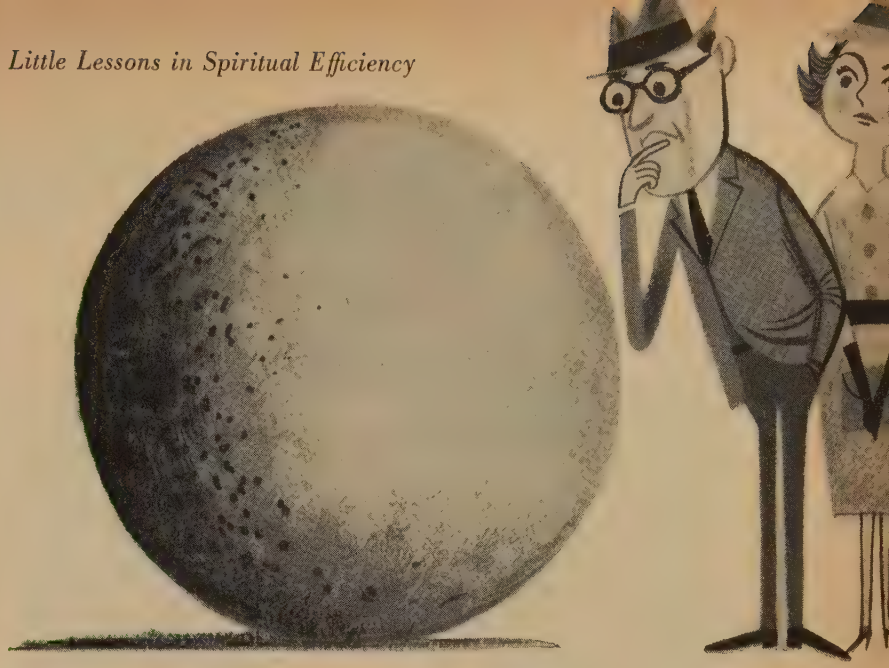
A It is a crush, partly physical and partly emotional. The feeling won't last long. What happened was a mistake. It shouldn't be repeated.

Q *The principal of my school called to me in the hall one day. I thought he was joking. I laughed, and went on. But he was serious. He told my father I was impudent. Now I'm on restriction for two weeks. Is that justice?—R.H.*

A Probably not. However, you may have been careless. Can you talk with your principal and explain? Maybe an apology would help. Be careful to avoid angry scenes.

Have a parental problem? Dr. Barbour can help you as he has helped thousands of other teens. Just write him c/o Together, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. He'll answer in* Teens Together.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency



Moth-Ball Christians

AT the south end of the bay which constitutes San Diego harbor, there float upwards of a hundred naval vessels known locally as "the moth-ball fleet."

These are ships that once ploughed the deep as active war vessels, commanded by men of purpose and skill, and manned by proud crews. But today, the ships that once performed important duties ride at anchor, silent and inactive, while the government spends huge sums of money to keep them in some semblance of repair.

There also are "moth-ball Christians"—a term originating with Dr. E. Stanley Jones for those Christians whose names are still on church rolls but whose pews are habitually vacant and whose services are lacking in the ongoing efforts of the congregation.

There is, however, at least one essential difference between the ships and the church members. The idle ships can be thrown into battle under certain conditions of necessity. But the moth-ball Christian is of little value to the cause of Christ because he can never be depended upon.

A West Coast city pastor once reported a case which, though extreme in some respects, bears some resemblance to a moth-ball ship. He had called upon a family reported as being "good prospects" for church membership. They had been active members of a congregation of his denomination in another city.

"Yes, I know we ought to be members of the church," the good lady of the house agreed, when the pastor called. "And we are going to be. But we are not quite ready. Actually, we do not know how long we will be living in the city."

As the conversation progressed, however, the pastor discovered that the man of the house had already joined a local Masonic lodge and the wife was at work in the Eastern Star. They had established bank accounts in a neighborhood bank, credit with the merchants association, and had bought season tickets for the opera. They even owned property. Finally, when pressed a bit, the lady admitted living in the neighborhood 17 years!

"Oh, we go to church," she said. "And we have never given up our religious beliefs. It is just that we have not joined the church. Do you really think we cannot be Christians unless we are members of the church?" She was a little nettled.

Of course one can be a Christian and not be a member of a church. The moth-ball ships belong to the navy, but they are playing no part in the defenses of the nation.

At that point another fact came to light. For 17 years the "church back home" had carried them on its membership rolls, paying their missionary apportionment for them. Like the moth-ball fleet that must be serviced, the moth-ball Christians become a charge on the congregation.

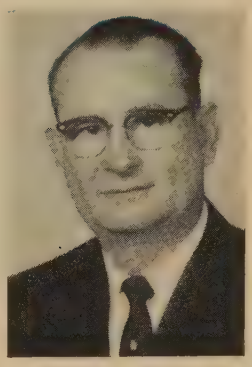
Being a moth ball isn't a very thrilling status for any Christian.

—Roy L. Smith

Light Unto My Path

JULY 2

And Mary said, "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for he has regarded the low estate of his handmaiden. For behold, henceforth all generations will call me blessed . . ."—Luke 1:46-48



James A. Carlin
Mont Belvieu, Tex.

OUR PARTY was standing on an eminence outside Darjeeling, in the foothills north of Calcutta. For 14 days no one had viewed Mount Everest from here; it was "weathered in." But we were quietly hopeful.

The mists began to scatter. Mighty Kanchenjunga, snow-covered, sleeping giant, began filling the northern horizon.

And then, suddenly, the clouds moved off the heights of Mount Everest. Dazzling white in the far distance, its pyramided peak stood sharp against the sky. Oh, such beauty!

The guide jumped up and down, shouting in a half-dozen languages in rapid succession, "There it is, there it is. Look! Look! Look!" And we did—at one of the mighty works of God in nature.

Luke had from Mary, the mother of Jesus, her testimony that she uttered these oft-repeated words of praise to God when Elizabeth praised and blessed her name on learning that she was to bear a child. They were words from the tradition of her people. The *Magnificat,* Jewish-Christian hymn of praise, is our heritage from the Old Testament and the earliest days of the Christian church.

In our great moments, we praise God not only for the beauty of the earth but, as did Mary, for his greatness and his salvation. Long before Luke wrote, it was the confidence of the followers of the Way that through Jesus, God's great salvation was made known. In truth, this was the Gospel, the good news. To them the Lord was Jesus, the Christ; to them the Savior was the Lord.

Prayer: Our father, God, who hast made known thy salvation through thy Son, Jesus Christ, make our spirits to rejoice in that great salvation. Fill us with love of beauty and with humility that thou dost love us. This we know through Jesus Christ. Amen.

—JAMES A. CARLIN

JULY 9

And Jesus said to them, "Follow me and I will make you become fishers of men."—Mark 1:17

ONE OF THE most thrilling experiences of my life occurred while on a ministerial retreat far back in the mountains of Idaho. A former district superintendent had located an unusual fishing stream. In it we could see large brook trout swimming in clear water. He had already caught near his limit and invited me to fish with him.

As soon as my lure hit the water, a beautiful brook trout struck and started fighting in a way that would thrill the heart of any fisherman. This experience will long remain in my memory, all because a friend invited me to share in his discovery.

Fishing was a common experience to Jesus. His closest friends were fishermen. So, it is not strange that he calls us to share in life's most rewarding experience—that of catching the mind and heart of men and directing them to the fellowship of the Master.

Jesus' primary concern was to seek and save the lost. If we follow him closely, we, too, will feel his great concern for all who have no master, for all who are lonely, for those who have lost their identity in the masses and do not know that they are children of God.

We do not have to search for rare fishing streams, for we are surrounded by the multitudes who need the redeeming fellowship of Jesus Christ. What a privilege it is to share with them the good news that there is One who cares enough that He gave his life for them.

Kenneth H. Underwood
Bellevue, Wash.

Prayer: Our father, make us fishers of men. May every word we utter, all of our actions, and our very spirits be such that will draw others into the fellowship of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—KENNETH H. UNDERWOOD

JULY 16

And he left everything, and rose and followed him.—Luke 5:28

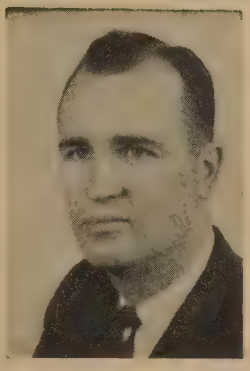
OVER A century ago David Livingstone left the comforts and luxuries of his Scottish home to live, labor, and die in the dark continent of Africa. The story of Livingstone's hardships and suffering is one that has thrilled the world.

What sent David Livingstone to Africa? What caused him to leave family and friends so far behind? What kept him there in the midst of hunger, fever, hostile savages, and wild beasts? It was a desire to follow Christ. It was an ambition to follow in the steps of Jesus.

Jesus invites all to follow him. To follow will mean to sacrifice. Matthew left all and followed.

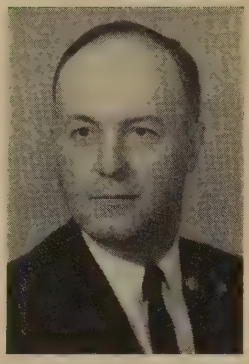
We hear Jesus say, "Follow me and I will make you become fishers of men." Those to whom he spoke these words had been fishermen. Now they were to leave the old occupation. Now they were to leave the old life. Now they are fishers of men. Now they are to win men to Christ. When we follow our Lord, we become witnesses for him.

All true followers of Christ should



Robert L. Case
Fayette, Miss.

Ralph L. Miller
Rockford, Ill.



F. Heisse Johnson
Johnson City, Tenn.

make it their chief business in life to witness to others concerning their Master.

Dr. Elton Trueblood says, "Whatever a person's ordinary vocation in the world, whether salesmanship, or homemaking, or farming, the ministry can be his other vocation and perhaps his truest vocation."

Jesus says to all, "If you wish to live a life of usefulness in my service, then follow me! Obey me. Tell others about me. Win others to my church."

Prayer: Dear Lord, we are grateful for the invitation to follow thee. Help us to be willing to deny ourselves that we may be led by thee into paths of usefulness. May we be worthy witnesses of thine. Help us to win others to thee. In our Master's name, we pray. Amen.

—ROBERT L. CASE

JULY 23

She said to him, "Yes, Lord; I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, he who is coming into the world."
—John 11:27

THE YOUNG man standing next to me had brought his broken timepiece in for repair. The watchmaker was doing his best to explain what needed to be done. The young man was finding it difficult to understand. Finally he said:

"I don't know enough about watches to understand what you are saying, but I know you, and I believe you. Go ahead and fix it."

Lazarus was dead and Martha, his sister, was bringing her troubles to Jesus. "Lord," she said, "if you had been here, my brother would not have died. And even now I know that whatever you ask from God, God will give you."

Jesus said, "Your brother will rise again."

"I know that he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day," she replied.

Jesus sensed that she did not understand so he said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?"

Now, Martha couldn't understand all that Jesus was saying but she knew Jesus so she replied, "Yes Lord; I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God."

To know Jesus as Lord was all the assurance Martha needed—explanations were unnecessary.

We do not always understand His ways and his methods but to know him as Savior and Lord is enough.

Prayer: O God, our father, we cannot always know thy ways, but we pray that we may know Christ as Savior and Lord. Amen.

—RALPH L. MILLER

JULY 30

Jesus said to him, "Have you believed because you have seen me? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe."—John 20:29

THOMAS was an outstanding member of one of the world's largest fraternities—the fraternity of doubters. And, what Thomas did in the time of Jesus is still repeated with similar consequences by some who are followers of our Lord today.

First, this attitude of Thomas gave clear demonstration to the fact that he did not trust his closest friends. When those who had shared with him the privilege of discipleship proclaimed to him the good news of Christ's Resurrection, Thomas blatantly rejected their statements and by his own reply placed a wall of misunderstanding between his friends and himself. What happened then, still happens today—and any day—when seeds of doubt are sown.

Second, this attitude of Thomas made him an unhappy person. He could not share in the joy of the Resurrection until he *saw!* Furthermore, it is obvious from the Scriptures that Thomas was not completely happy even after he saw the Christ. He had doubt when others had faith, and his Lord had shown displeasure because of this failure. There is a joy in living by faith which Thomas never knew.

Finally, this doubting kept Thomas out of the blessed fellowship of those who live by faith, believing where they cannot prove. Sir Wilfred Grenfell summarized well the qualities of those who are part of this fellowship when he wrote:

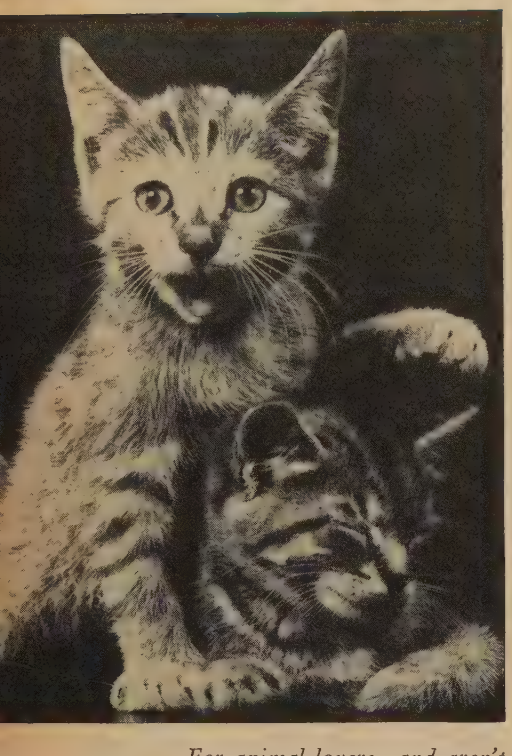
"The faith He asks for is not *to understand* Him but *to follow* Him. By that and that alone can man convert the tragedy of human life into the most glorious field of honor . . . "

Prayer: O God, help us to trust our brothers and to have faith in thee. Amen.

—F. HEISSE JOHNSON

Barnabas

Looks at New Books



For animal lovers—and aren't we all?—a book called Listen, Listen! *(Photo © 1961 by Charles Rado.)*

IT WAS AS much for the positive stand he took on the issues of the day as for his creative writing that **Albert Camus** was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1957. Everything this Algerian-born Frenchman wrote spoke to us, as the Nobel citation stated, of "the problems of the human conscience in our time." His death in January, 1960, was a loss to everyone concerned with the cause of humanity.

In the last two years before his death, Camus himself selected the pieces that make up ***Resistance, Rebellion, and Death*** (Knopf, $4). They represent the sum total of his life and are as clear and ringing as his fiction was enigmatic.

Between the youthful letters he wrote to a German friend during the Occupation and his stirring condemnation of the horror of capital punishment, the reader finds an impassioned statement of beliefs on every major issue of the day. Justin O'Brien has done a powerful and sensitive job of translation.

After 16 years, Americans of varying political persuasions still can recall just what they were doing on the afternoon of April 12, 1945. This was the day four-term President Franklin D. Roosevelt died at the Little White House in Warm Springs, Ga.

Bernard Asbell, in ***When F.D.R. Died*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $4) has written an electrifying account of that drama describing in minute detail the reactions of the principal characters involved. This is one of the best in the growing collection of Rooseveltana. It's restrained reporting with the events themselves providing the sad excitement of a day history will never forget.

Dogs—and cats—are having their day.

Hal Borland has written an affectionate tribute to a black-and-white rabbit hound named Pat in ***The Dog Who Came to Stay*** (Lippincott, $3.75).

Sheila Burnford tells of the almost unbelievable loyalty and courage of a Labrador retriever, a pit bull dog, and a Siamese cat who dared 300 miles of Canadian wilderness to go home to their family in ***The Incredible Journey*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75). You won't read this one without a catch in your throat.

Then there's ***Listen, Listen!*** (Harper, $2.50), an engaging bedtime book in which photographs by **Ylla** and story by **Crosby Newell Bonsall** combine to enchant the young—and their parents—with the antics of kittens and friendly dogs. Delightful!

Mrs. Barnabas has reminded me that I've written not a word about a lioness named Elsa who captured the hearts of readers everywhere when **Joy Adamson** told her story in ***Born Free*** (Pantheon, $4.95).

Here surely is one of the most remarkable animal stories ever written, and psychologists tell me it's one of the finest books on animal psychology. Elsa was rescued as an orphaned cub, raised by the Adamsons as a beloved pet, then returned by them to her own world in the African bush. As I followed the Adamsons' careful and anxious efforts to introduce Elsa to her own kind, it occurred to me that no parents with a debutante daughter could've been more concerned.

By all means read *Born Free,* if you haven't already done so. And if there are youngsters at your house you can give them the new picture book of ***Elsa*** (Pantheon, $3.50).

Serengeti Shall Not Die (Dutton, $6.95) is the plea of the director of the Frankfurt, Germany, Zoo and his son for a sanctuary in Africa to protect the world's last great concentration of wild animals.

Dr. **Bernhard Grzimek** and his brilliant son, **Michael**, learned to fly a small plane, which they painted zebra-style, to map the migrations of wildlife in east central Africa. Michael, who had a future as a naturalist and photographer, died when a vulture hit the plane and caused it to crash just before the survey ended.

Serengeti adds considerably to man's knowledge of African game, and when the text falls into tourist-book writing, excellent black and white and bright color photographs sustain your interest.

TOGETHER's color pictorial, *Change Comes to the Congo* [June, 1960, page 37], was prophetically titled. Since then, newspapers, magazines, and newscasts have been crammed with reports of the strife that has flamed in this newly liberated land of Africa as men with ideals of liberty much the same as ours have fought bitterly over the ways these goals are to be achieved. The Congo became politically vital—and a strategic factor in the cold war—when it achieved its independence from Belgium.

If all this has quickened your interest, as it has mine, you'll welcome ***Congo: Background of Conflict*** (Northwestern, $6). By anthropologist **Alan P. Merriam**, it was published with the aid of Ford Foundation grants to Methodist-related Northwestern University's Program of African Studies. It is the best book on the area available today.

Merriam writes from recent personal experience in the region. In 1951-52 he and his wife spent 13 months there. In July, 1959, they returned with their two daughters to live for a year in the tiny village of Lupupa, in eastern Kasai Province. They were there when the Congo conflict exploded.

The Congo specifically, and Africa in general, is going to remain a battleground for men's minds. In assessing the role of newly liberated African nations, in the East-West struggle, Merriam says, we must keep in mind that:

"Strong and independent countries are needed in the world, and we cannot expect them all to be just like us. Their own independent strength in liberty and freedom is what we must seek, for we believe that independence and freedom are the goals for which all men search and that these ideals bring with them their own strength."

The stocky figure of Nikita Khrushchev, with his seemingly mercurial moods, has become as familiar to U.S. citizens as those of our own politicians.

Why this globe-ranging premier of the Soviet Union seems to blow hot one minute, cold the next, is made clear in ***The War Called Peace*** (Norton, $4.50), by **Harry** and **Bonaro Overstreet**. There isn't a great deal that's new in this book, but the Overstreets, a husband and wife writing team, do a good job of explaining the war-in-disguise the Communists are waging against the free world.

Is the Protestant clergy a friend, either unwittingly or willingly, of Communism? Many such charges have been issued, and lists compiled by numerous organizations to "expose the pinks" among Methodist ministers have even accused more than half of the Methodist bishops of being members or supporters of communist-front organizations. Most charges have resulted from guilt by association; others have proceeded from testimonies of former Communists.

Six years ago, **Ralph Lord Roy**, under a grant from the Fund for the Republic, set out to assess every charge or rumor concerning any churchman's support of communism. The results of thousands of hours of research are reported in ***Communism and the Churches*** (Harcourt, Brace, $7.50).

It's a sane and helpful report. Roy makes no attempt to dismiss all charges as groundless, nor to portray all clergymen as misunderstood saints. A group of about 25 Protestant clergymen, he says, could always be counted on to support the communist cause. But, in contrast, he concludes that in the period since 1930 only about 1 per cent of the Protestant clergy has been in any way connected with communist-front organizations.

He traces the pattern of communist infiltration by which a worthy liberal organization is taken over. Front organizations seeking to enlist idealistic citizens under idealistic titles are described. Some ministers quickly withdrew at the first discernible hint of communist sympathies. Others have withdrawn only as a last resort.

The picture is reassuring, but Roy has a serious warning: the church must constantly be vigilant against falling prey to any movement wishing to use her status and position.

This brings up two questions on which there are differences of opinion among Christians. Should American churches concern themselves with social, political, and economic matters? If so, what should be the nature of their concern?

Roswell P. Barnes, Presbyterian minister who is serving as executive secretary in America of the World Council of Churches, addresses himself to these questions in ***Under Orders: The Churches and Public Affairs*** (Doubleday, $2.95). His conclusion: the basic problems of the world lie in the realm of human motives and conduct. These are beyond the capacities of the laboratories and the Pentagon. They are in the area in which the churches claim and presumably have competence.

"They have not done as much or as well as they should have done," he writes, "but they have done much that is significant, and they might do more if they and the public had a clearer understanding of the nature of their influence and the reasons for it."

He has written a significant and readable analysis of what churches are doing or could do. It's personal and direct because he writes "unofficially" as a churchman concerned for the church's role in an uneasy world.

"History," wrote Abe Lincoln to a law partner once, "is not history unless it is the truth."

That was **Otto Eisenschiml**'s guide in writing ***The Hidden Face of the Civil War*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), which gives new insight to fact and fiction of the war years. For one thing, he declares the war might have been shortened if the North had followed strategy proposed by Asa Mahan, a seminary graduate and president of Adrian College, now Methodist-related.

Dr. Eisenschiml examines strategy, presidents, cabinets, and generals of both sides, emphasizing not what they did right, but what they did wrong. Some of my military heroes take a beating: Lee and Grant, for instance. He says Grant's military qualities cannot be judged equitably without taking into account his superiority in manpower and matériel. Lee's generalship did not match his high character, because "the thundering of guns . . . undermined his reasoning power."

And who were the war's great generals? Confederates Nathan Bedford Forrest, who was rated a near genius, and Stonewall Jackson, who had extraordinary ability. No Union leader, Eisenschiml claims, approached them in military ability. The author rated George H. Thomas and Fitz John Porter the best of the North's generals, with Grant's ability considered an indeterminate quality.

If TOGETHER's visit to test pilot Joe Walker and his family [*Joe Walker, Fastest Man Alive,* January, page 20] tickled your interest in goings on at Edwards Air Force Base, you'll want to read ***X-15 Diary*** (Dutton, $4.95), in which **Richard Tregaskis** tells the story of America's first space ship, and ***Always Another Dawn*** (World, $4.95), autobiography of **A. Scott Crossfield**. Crossfield is the test pilot who fought for the X-15 through unbelievably tough engineering problems,

On Meeting Very Young Children for the First Time

It's baffling, just the way they look at you:
They stand and gaze and seem to look straight through
You as unblinkingly, wide-eyed they stare;
Not in the least self-conscious, unaware
Of your attempts at friendliness, consumed
With interest, as if you but assumed
Aliveness, but were in reality
A queer wax figure which they watched to see
In action, if wound up. They mutely stand
Quite motionless, move neither foot nor hand.
You speak and smile, a bit confused—then they
Turn, heave a sigh, pick up their toys and play.

—ISLA PASCHAL RICHARDSON

interservice rivalries, and the dictum of some high councils that manned aircraft were already obsolete. He tells his story with the help of **Clay Blair, Jr.**

At first glance, ***The Other Side of the Universe*** (Twayne, $3.50) appears to be science fiction. But author **Kurt Dreifuss** doesn't put it in that category, and neither do I.

His story of a human who found himself on another planet is simply the base on which Dreifuss has structured a description of a utopian society. And a remarkable society it is. Dreifuss' concepts of education are particularly creative, and he gives us a compelling glimpse of what we might accomplish if our destructive tendencies could be subordinated to constructives ones.

Every time I see a baseball game I find myself imagining how it'd feel to be out there on the mound with a big slugger coming to bat. I don't want to be there—to be bat boy is as high as I aspire—but still I wonder.

I've found a clue in ***Out of My League*** (Harper, $3.50) by **George Plimpton**, who is, of all things, editor of a literary quarterly called *The Paris Review*.

At Yankee Stadium one day Plimpton had the sudden desire to climb over the rail and try it himself. Being a man of action as well as courage, he arranged a contest with the stars of both leagues and, with borrowed glove and rented uniform, walked into the stadium one day to hear the loud-speaker announce him as "Prufrock." From the mound, he pitched anything but a love song to such greats as Willie Mays, Richie Ashburn, and Ernie Banks, and he shares his experience in such a way that it will thrill every baseball fan.

A new bird book arrived at my desk last week—the punch-out kind. I decided to punch out the first one, and see how it looked. Before I stopped my office was filled with brilliantly colored three-dimensional birds.

The cause of this ornithological excitement was the ***Book of Birds***, by **F. Kenwood Giles** (Golden Press, $1.50). Giles' book will provide any family with an enjoyable afternoon of punching out and putting together, plus good education as to the color and eating habits of birds. Your first-grader can do some of the work, but your high-school senior likely will insist on having some of the birds for his room.

Strange are the ways of faith.

In 1956 five young missionaries were killed when they tried to make friends with the Aucas, a mysterious Indian tribe deep in the Ecuadorian jungle. Two years later, two Auca women emerged from the jungle, and the widow of one of the slain men, **Elisabeth Elliot**, who had remained at the Quichua mission station of Shandia, took them into her home.

When the women returned to the tribe they took Betty Elliot and her small blonde daughter, Valerie, with them. They remained for a year, sharing the Aucas' daily life, living in safety and understanding despite language barriers and the immense gap between primitive and so-called civilized people.

Betty Elliot eloquently relates her experience in ***The Savage My Kinsman*** (Harper, $5.95). It's richly illustrated by photographs by the author and *Life* photographer Cornell Capa.

Valerie Elliot (right) quickly made new friends. (Photograph copyrighted by Elisabeth Elliot, Magnum Photos.)

Excuse me for leaning back and heaving a big sigh of satisfaction. But I think every Methodist has a right to be proud of the picture of the beginnings of our faith I've just seen in ***The Age of Reason*** (Doubleday, $5.95).

This study of the 18th century by British writer **Harold Nicolson** is a series of word portraits of the men and women who influenced the course of political history during a period of great intellectural ferment. Among them, of course, is John Wesley, of whom Nicolson writes: "Certainly it (Methodism) was one of the most civilizing inspirations that have ever improved the lot of man. All this was due to the genius and virtue of the gifted and charming little scholar who was born at Epworth parsonage on June 17, 1703."

Methodists who like to think should note ***Methodism and Society in Historical Perspective, Volume I*** (Abingdon, $5). It's by **Richard M. Cameron** and is the second of four studies being written by faculty members of Boston University School of Theology on request of the Methodist Board of Social and Economic Relations (now part of the new Board of Christian Social Concerns) and published under a grant from the Fund for the Republic.

It's intentionally controversial as it examines the role of Methodism in America's social problems. Especially timely in view of the Civil War Centennial, is the illuminating review of attitudes toward Negroes and the report of the ecclesiastical secession of the Southern Methodists 17 years before the war began.

Some small controversy will be stirred unnecessarily, I fear, because of the slighting attention to Cokesbury College. It may not have been a college by modern standards, but it was founded in 1787 at Abingdon, Md., and by orthodox Methodist history is regarded as our first.

Partisans of McKendree College at Lebanon, Ill., also may be expected to speak up. They will point to that institution's establishment in 1828 as refutation of the author's statement that Wesleyan University, founded in 1831, is "oldest of the colleges founded under Methodist auspices."

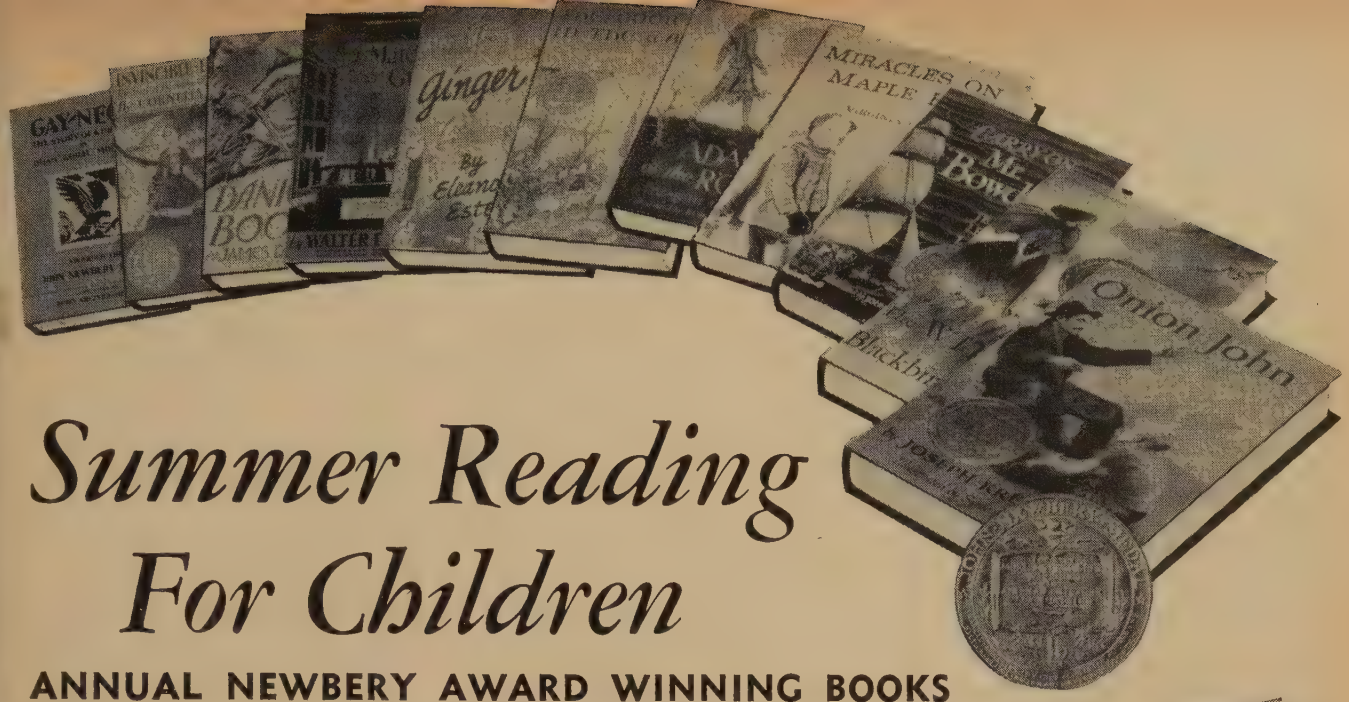
Notwithstanding such minor flaws, if flaws they be, this book strikes a high level of attainment; and so does Volume III, which is treated in a full-length feature article by Hartzell Spence in this issue of TOGETHER. [See *What Do Methodists Really Believe?* page 14.] This series of volumes on *Methodism and Society* augurs well for refreshment of scholarship in church thinking.

I'd like to agree with **Abigail Graves Randolph** that "the most relaxed and happy time of the day comes when the family is called together for a meal," but I've suffered through mealtimes in my own home, and others, which were nothing less than bedlam.

Be that as it may, Mrs. Randolph, who's a member of the Family Life Committee of The Methodist Church, has written a helpful booklet in ***How to Conduct Family Worship at the Table*** (Upper Room, 20¢, 6 for $1) —and if your family isn't relaxed and happy at mealtime, perhaps devotions would help make it so. Certainly all families need a time when God is recognized as part of their home.

Zenaide Bashkiroff writes with the vividness of a successful novelist, but her account of revolution in Russia is all too true in ***Nights Are Longest There*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $4.95).

The author, called "Bebby" by her family, was nine years old when Czarist Russia was toppled. Separated from



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a frivolous, affectionate mother and a cavalier father, Bebby found herself in a remote corner of provincial Russia watching her grandmother's proud, monumental battle to survive under terrorism. The strong, aristocratic old lady comes to life in her granddaughter's book, as do French governesses in love with farm hands, laughing dairymaids, and self-seeking ambassadors.

Unlike many modern novels, Bebby's story has a happy ending. She escaped from Russia in 1923, went to Ireland, and now is the wife of cabinet minister Seamus Burke.

As he roamed the world collecting background for ***Strange Sects and Curious Cults*** (Dodd, Mead, $4.50), **Marcus Bach** says his work progressed from mere reporting to an "adventure in understanding."

The resulting book is a fascinating exploration. It delves deep into the past, speaking frankly of man's basic drives in the study of Baalism, Osirism, and other religions in which sex played a dominant role. And it gives contemporary views of conscience cults, including those of the Penitentes, Father Divine, and Psychiana, as well as seekers after Utopia like the Shakers, the Hutterites, and the Dukhobors.

Nazi-leader Heinrich Himmler suffered from excruciating stomach cramps. Only a Finnish doctor named Felix Kersten could give him relief, through massage techniques.

The little doctor gained extraordinary power over Hitler's grand inquisitor—and he used it to save lives. By working on his patient's vanity and gratitude, he obtained pardon for thousands destined for imprisonment, deportation, and extermination. Not only this, but through allies within Himmler's organization, Kersten was able to set up a veritable private spy service in the cause of humanity.

So great was Kersten's influence over Himmler that at the end he persuaded the notorious persecutor of the Jews to meet with a representative of the International Jewish Organization and agree not to dynamite the concentration camps as Hitler had ordered.

The fantastic story of this gentle man who found ways of doing good in the midst of evil is told by French journalist **Joseph Kessel** in ***The Man With the Miraculous Hands*** (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, $3.95). It reads like an adventure thriller, and it is.

Because "theology cannot be left to the specialist," **Robert McAfee Brown** has written ***The Spirit of Protestantism*** (Oxford, $4.50) for the layman.

It's a broad view of the Protestant movement, its history, its doctrine, its divisions, what it is, and what it is not.

Dr. Brown is a professor at Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

The 1957 Pulitzer Prize for biography went to **John F. Kennedy**, then senator from Massachusetts, for ***Profiles in Courage***. And if it was interesting then to find a U.S. senator writing about the kind of political bravery that brings political ruin, it's even more significant now that the author is president of the U.S.

Tommy Barnabas set me pondering when he asked for a copy of the Young Readers Edition of ***Profiles in Courage*** (Harper, $1.95). I got it for him, and after he finished it he asked some rather searching questions.

Here are the stories of eight American Senators—Republican, Democrat, Whig, and Federalist—who stood firmly for what they believed. Except for a few deletions, the version for young readers presents the author's words as he originally wrote them for the prize-winning biography, and it's an inspiring mirror to hold up for growing Americans.

Put together Montana drawings by Charles M. Russell and photographs by L. A. Huffman with appropriate text and you have something special. Such a book is ***Free Grass to Fences*** by **Robert H. Fletcher** (University Publishers for Historical Society of Montana, $12).

It's an authentic and readable epic of the Montana cattle range—and a handsome book. If you have a shelf earmarked (and that word has a special appropriateness) for the West, this volume belongs there. But, very incidentally, I'd like to sound off like a coyote on a full-moon night about one shortcoming. It lacks an index. Why authors and publishers don't put out that little extra effort to add to a book's effectiveness, I'll never understand!

As I read ***The Travels of Mark Twain***, edited by **Charles Neider** (Coward-McCann, $7.50), I wondered what it was that gave his accounts of people and places their sparkle. I think I have the answer: Twain could deliver straight-faced a dull recital of accepted facts, and then lash back with a keen sense of humor which cut right to the heart of the matter, peeling away the veneer and exposing the issues in their proper perspective.

His account of walking in the footsteps of St. Paul up the stone steps in Athens is a case in point. "We stood in the square-cut place he stood in," Twain writes, "and tried to recollect the Bible account of the matter—but for certain reasons, I could not recall the words. I have found them since . . ." and he proceeds to quote them.

Twain uses this incident as a springboard into a discussion of the sad estate of religion in 1869 in the papal states of Italy, and he pulls no punches. Noting the lack of cleanliness, the preoccupation with priestcraft, and the fleecing of the tourists, he adds: "They keep up the passport system here, but so they do in Turkey. This shows that the papal states are as far advanced as Turkey."

Even if you don't plan to travel, I recommend this generous slice of Mark Twain at his best. —BARNABAS

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Peanuts Every Sunday (*Holt, Rinehart, Winston, $1*) *is the newest collection of Charles M. Schulz' matchless comic strips. To his admirers, some of whom are almost fanatic on the subject, that's probably 'nough said.*

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

A GOOD MANY years ago while on a bicycle trip through Europe, I picked up a paperback novel written by a French author whose name I have forgotten. The book purported to be about actual people, but the situations always seemed to have a misty atmosphere. There was a strange, almost ethereal quality about the book. I tell you this because the first book I want to speak about has something of that same quality to me. It is

VANGEL GRIFFIN, by Herbert Lobsenz *(Harper, $4.50)*.

This is a Harper Prize Novel, and my guess is that it was chosen because of its rather haunting writing. It has an almost Don Quixote quality. A young GI student gets fed up with his life and his wife in New York, and goes to Spain with the intention of committing suicide on a certain date. This is enough to get it off on an eerie plane. In Madrid he meets a very strange family and falls in love with a beautiful girl who is not so much immoral as amoral. Her brother is a radical idealist, opposed to all that Franco and his regime stand for. He is both a fool and a good man. The wealthy father does not understand his children.

You can see the components of this story, and I do not want to spoil the plot for you. I felt all along that it was somewhat of an allegory, although the situations and the people are real enough for the most part. Here is a man's fight against tyranny and dictatorship. And here are the students who waver between courageous witness and cowardly acquiescence. Some of you will not like it and some of you will think it exceptional. As for me, I agree with both schools.

THE PRIMAL YOKE, by Tom Lea *(Little, Brown, $4.95)*.

Tom Lea writes pretty good books about outdoor life and primitive creatures like bulls. This story of Wyoming started off in great shape with a young Marine coming back from war to take up his place on the mountain ranch. The place had been operated by his father and brother as a guest ranch, but the father had grown discouraged and there was much to be done.

Then the author brings into it a successful businessman from Chicago and his sophisticated daughter, and the whole thing falls apart, so far as I am concerned. The girl is a phony, the love affair is a phony, and the conclusion is a phony. I thought Mr. Lea was going to give me a good outdoor yarn that would be a welcome change from the sick drawing rooms of the times. But he let me down and I find it very difficult to forgive him. Please, Mr. Lea, give us more bulls, more horses, more trails, more mountains, more plains—and never mind dragging in those smart-aleck city slickers who are only sick, sick, sick.

THE TAKERS, by Max Ehrlich *(Harper, $3.95)*.

This book is about income-tax collectors, and tells a good deal about tricks taxpayers try to play and the kind of games tax collectors sometimes practice. I have not read a book in a long time that seemed to take me right into the heart of a man and let me look at him at his best and his worst. Here is a government worker who doesn't make enough to live in a decent neighborhood or drive a decent car. He knows that other men are taking bribes and that if he does it, too, he can do some of the things which our society assumes makes life worth living. Add to this a sick, senile mother whose institutional care he pays for. That is the situation—and the trap. The materialism of our society and its cheap goals are nowhere more clearly portrayed than in this book. Here is the sickness of our society—but the kind one pities.

The Takers, I suspect, will tell us more about our moral condition than the next 10 sermons you hear. I hasten to add, however, that the only place you are likely to hear of a cure for our disease is in church listening to a pastor expound the Gospel.

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The Dinner Bell

By RUTH BISHOP JULINE

STEVIE was listening to drowsy outdoor sounds. He could hear the oink, oink, oink of his father's pigs in the pen back of the barn.

Stevie lived in a big white farmhouse. His mother and father and two big brothers, Joseph and William, lived there, too, but just now Stevie was alone. He was sitting under a mulberry tree in the front yard and thinking about nothing in particular.

It was rather nice to be all by himself. Mother had gone with Father to buy new wallpaper. William and Joseph were out in the pastures fixing fences.

In the cool shade, Stevie watched a blue jay fly over his head. It stopped to rest on the big old dinner bell that was fastened to a tall pole. Hanging down from the bell was a short, frazzled rope.

Stevie was not allowed to ring the bell. Mother and Father rang it, and sometimes William or

Summer Day

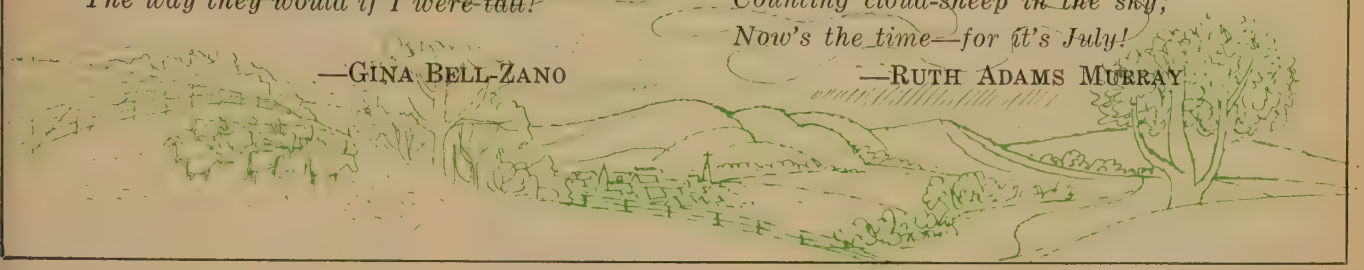
On a day like this, I'm glad I'm small,
For I can run and shout and call,
And no one looks surprised at all,
The way they would if I were tall!

—Gina Bell-Zano

It's July!

Now's the time to look and linger,
Trace a rainbow with your finger,
Pick a bright-eyed meadow daisy,
Watch a bug and then feel lazy
Counting cloud-sheep in the sky;
Now's the time—for it's July!

—Ruth Adams Murray



Joseph. But it was *never* to be rung just for fun. Its loud, clear voice always meant something special.

Usually it meant just that dinner was ready, but sometimes it meant, "Come home at once!" That's what it meant the time Mother's leaf fire started spreading all over the front yard. And that's what it meant the day some far-off relatives stopped in to visit.

Stevie sighed dreamily. Someday he would ring the bell and bring everybody running to the house. But of course, he wouldn't ring it for a long time—not until he was big!

There were those pig sounds again. "Oink! Oink! Oink!" But now they were excited, happy sounds, like children laughing and squealing on Christmas morning.

Stevie quickly jumped to his feet, ran to the corner of the house, and looked toward the pigpen. "Oh no!" he cried. The pigs had found a hole and were headed straight toward his father's new berry patch. Stevie knew that if they got in there they would trample the strawberries and tear down the tender blackberry and raspberry vines.

"Shoo! Go away!" He shouted and waved his arms in front of them. Some of the pigs looked at him. Then they went right ahead, rooting and oinking their way closer to the berry patch. Soon they'd be in it.

Stevie looked off across the pasture, but neither of his brothers was in sight. What was he to do? The pigs paid no attention to his yelling. If only somebody were there to help!

Then Stevie thought of the dinner bell. He ran to the pole and jumped for the frayed rope. As his hands tightened around it, his feet left the ground and he swung in the air. "Zoom-m-m" went the rope as Stevie's weight pulled upon it. When his feet hit the ground, a loud, clear note rang out.

Again and again, Stevie jumped for the rope. Each time, the dinner bell sent out its call for help.

Suddenly William and Joseph came running, just as Stevie's father and mother drove in the barnyard. Everyone started yelling and waving their arms at the pigs. No one saw Stevie at all.

When the pigs were back in their pen, Stevie's mother and father and brothers walked up to the house.

"Who rang the bell?" asked his father.

"Not I," said William. "I was in the south pasture."

"I was in the west pasture," said Joseph.

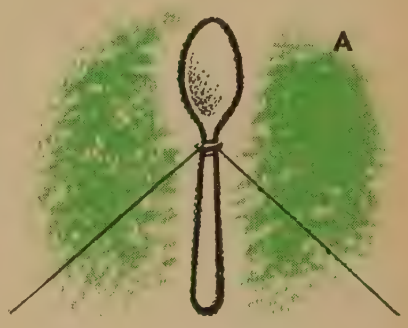
All of a sudden, everyone was looking at Stevie. And Stevie was looking at the ground and feeling a little scared. He knew he had disobeyed when he rang the bell. He could only nod his head when his father asked, "Was it you, Stevie?"

Then his father put his arm around Stevie's shoulder. "Now I have *three* big sons," he said. "You saved an expensive berry patch today."

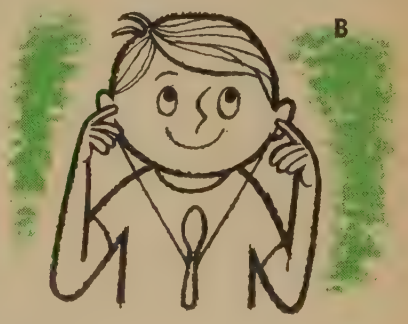
Stevie smiled back at his father. He was very happy. "Yes," he nodded, "now you have three big sons."

Spoon Bells

Have you ever heard the bells in an ordinary spoon? It's fun—just wrap a long piece of string



around a metal spoon, as in drawing A. Then hold the ends of the string in your ears and gently let the spoon tap against



a table (drawing B). Each time the spoon taps, you will hear a beautiful ringing sound, almost like church bells!

child anonymously so that he may appear at Sunday school dressed like the other boys and girls?

According to your statistics, we are dues-payers with our signed pledge of $1.25 a week, but, Mr. Cassels, I wonder if God would agree that statistics tell the whole story.

'They Also Serve Who . . .'

JEANNE T. NELSON
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

In *Are You a Tip-Giver, Dues-Payer, or Tither?* [March, page 26], I guess I would be classified as a dues-payer. Therein lies my objection. It is disappointing to note that a fourth type of giver was overlooked—the one who gives time and service.

In our church, we're often asked for additional contributions: dinners, equipment, special offerings, projects which include travel expenses, etc. Did Mr. Cassels mean to include these things as part of the total tithe?

Prior to this article, I thought that my background and education were of some value to the church in spite of the fact that I can't tithe without jeopardizing my family's welfare. If Mr. Cassels expresses the view of the church, perhaps it would be better if I simply gave the church the money I would save in baby-sitting fees by not participating in church work.

A Boost for Tithing

JOHN H. SOLTMAN, SR., *Pastor*
Auburn, Wash.

The tithing article was terrific. Articles like this will induce Methodism to make massive strides away from the poor performance indicated in the comparison graph accompanying it.

It is splendid support for our current annual tithing enlistment campaign in the Seattle Area.

Probation for New Members?

J. M. JONES
Ironton, Ohio

According to the list on page 28 [*What the Average Member Gave in 1959*] of the March issue, Methodist members are lowest in per capita giving. This is ridiculous.

If per capita giving is derived from total giving divided by total membership, the low figure must be due to the fact that one third to one half of the members of many of our churches are not contributing members, though they remain on membership rolls.

We know that the members in name only cannot be taken off the rolls in one fell stroke. But, perhaps, we should reinstate the old probationary period before one becomes a permanent member of the church.

There's a New Testament

H. HOWARD FULLER, *Pastor*
Parma, Mich.

The letters of Miss Justin and Mrs. Snyder [April, pages 8-10] are expressive of a point of view of a near majority, or maybe more, of our citizenry.

However, if Miss Justin can justify capital punishment by citing the book of Exodus, then I can justify wine-drinking and slavery. This book was a product of a savage time. We who call ourselves Christians follow One who said, "Love your enemies."

These Dolls Really 'Nutty'

DAISY WELCH
Bradford, Pa.

I enjoyed *Dolls by the Dozen* [March, page 59], since making dolls is my hobby. I make them out of peanuts, walnuts, and acorns and have won prizes for them.

Goober dolls: Success in a nutshell.

The hobby began during a long illness, when somebody brought me a sack of peanuts. It occurred to me to dress them up, add arms and legs, and before long I had made a whole peanut family.

Now, my doll-making is also a means of support; and, since I still cannot walk very well, the proceeds from my hobby have gone for the purchase of a motor wheel chair. With this, I can get out to hospitals, and often take my dolls with me to cheer the patients.

Urges Return to Reason

MRS. EDMUND HRABAK
East Cleveland, Ohio

Regarding *How to Get Better Movies* [February, page 30], I think there are a great many obscene and worthless pictures being shown. I'm sure a great many families would like to see more pictures like those shown in the 1920s and 1930s.

Why can't there be more movies about great men and by authors of great literature, and some more of the good musicals? Good, clean, educational entertainment is what the American people desire, I'm sure.

Beat 'Em at Box Office!

JOHN F. KOONS
Spencer, Ohio

In your February Powwow [*How to Get Better Movies*], I found that number two by Earl Kenneth Wood is closest to my own views.

Personally, I object to censorship boards. I believe I'm mature enough to make my own judgments. I can draw my own conclusions from movie reviews and resent official regulation of private tastes. And as to those who say that my type of attitude will leave the movie industry unregulated, my reply is this: If poor pictures don't show a profit, the industry will concentrate on better ones. We can beat the bad ones at the box office.

Too Late to Teach Bible?

MRS. ELMER SWANSON
Balaton, Minn.

Regarding Dr. Grover C. Bagby's comments in the TOGETHER *Newsletter* for April [page 13], I think churches haven't gone deep enough so far as their teaching is concerned. The Methodist Church has the poorest excuse for a church school I've ever known.

I feel children need to study the Bible. When my four children are around their Lutheran and Catholic cousins, I'm actually ashamed of how little they know.

Last week my six-year-old came home on Sunday with a picture of the "Roaring Twenties" which is what he'd spent his church-school time drawing. Maybe I'm to blame for not teaching him at home, but I feel it's time for Methodists to stop the clay-playing and block-building. I only hope it's not too late for my own children!

The 'Yawn Patrol'

MRS. CARLTON T. DALEY
Manchester, Conn.

Brainwork for God—at Home [February, page 14] describes several interesting ways of promoting small-group study.

My pastor-husband looked for an available time to meet with some of the men of the church, and finally decided on every other Tuesday at 6:30 a.m. for breakfast, Bible study, and discussion. After 2½ years, the men have developed a very close relationship. They call themselves the "Dawn Pa-

trol," though often it's jokingly labeled the "Yawn Patrol." Whatever its title, it seems to meet a real need among our people.

Too Little, Too Late

W. E. MOORE, *Pastor*
Crossville, Tenn.

I read *How to Treat Your Divorced Friends* [March, page 34] with interest. The author wrote, "Even the minister failed to offer any word of sympathy."

Perhaps her minister would have welcomed the assurance from her that his counsel was needed. Often, couples decide on divorce before talking to the minister. I believe I express the sentiment of a host of ministers when I say that the best time to take the minister into confidence and try to save the marriage is at the first indication that something is wrong—not after the divorce has been granted.

Hymn Words 'Inspired Thoughts'

LESLIE R. PUTNAM, *Ret. Minister*
Murray, Ky.

Replying to Mr. Irving Dilliard at his request [*Letters,* March, page 8], I would suggest that an adequate answer would depend on the hymns involved.

The words to many hymns were written as the result of some deep, personal, religious experience. They are inspired thoughts basic to the theology of many believers.

Unless new words can enhance the spiritual content of the hymn I would question the need for change. Modern living isn't conducive to profound thinking. I believe in growth and change, but there are some fundamental beliefs that should never change.

Draw Your Battle Lines

MURIEL MILLER
Troy, Mont.

I must reply to Irving Dilliard's letter in your March issue. What does he mean, first, by "the great old music"? He should suggest some tunes so that we church musicians know what he has in mind. Providing he means what we mean when we speak of the "great old music that is timeless," I must say that I can't think of any of the great hymns which have "completely irrelevant" words. If they are great hymns, it is because they speak to men regardless of age or generation.

Please ask the gentleman to be more specific in drawing his battle lines, so that we may make a more accurate answer.

The question of old words for new hymns, or simply new hymns, is stirring up quite a bit of controversy. For more along this line, be sure to see the announcement of the Charles Wesley Award on page 46 of this issue.—EDS.

Name Your Hobby

You hobby enthusiasts will find this popular column bulging with the names of other readers eager to compare notes. Write directly to any of them—or let us list your name, address, and hobby specialty. Meanwhile, don't miss this month's Hobby Alley feature which begins on page 76.—EDS.

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He Tool

WHEN Dr. William H. Wickett, Jr., volunteered to serve a year at a Methodist mission hospital in Southern Rhodesia's bush country, several fellow physicians suggested that perhaps he more urgently needed medical attention than did the Africans he would treat. After all, he had a wife and five children, a fine home, and a thriving obstetrical practice in Fullerton, Calif. Why should a man give that up?

"Africa always has fascinated me," Dr. Wickett explains simply, "and I felt a need to be of greater service to my church and my fellow man."

He did not take this big step on an

Surgery still is taboo among many of the Shona tribes around Nyadiri, but Dr. Wickett and well-trained native nurses are routing superstition with skill and kindness.

Even women and children (left) occasionally must sit on hallway floors to receive treatment at the Methodist hospital, where there are only two doctors and 133 beds to serve an area populated by 160,000 natives.

His Family Along

impulse. Calling his family together, he told them of his plan and suggested that they take a vote—for they would go, too.

First, however, he reminded the children that there would be no TV or movies in Africa, and that they would have to keep up their schoolwork as best they could. Friends, fancy supermarkets, and the freeways would be left behind. Everyone would have to work harder.

When the discussion ended, Dr. Wickett called for the vote. There were no dissenters.

The Wicketts were hardly settled in Nyadiri Mission last June when missionaries fleeing the Congo began arriving. Often they had as many as seven guests for three meals a day in their neat, but small, brick house. That pace never slackened, but the Wicketts never complained.

Mrs. Wickett teaches the three younger children, and Anne and Al carry on their high-school work through correspondence courses. They get into Salisbury, 80 miles away, only about once every two weeks, and have learned to rely on bicycles for shorter trips.

At modern Washburn Memorial Methodist Hospital, Dr. Wickett wages a day-and-night battle against tuberculosis, malnutrition, and ignorance. He has learned to work in a world of contrasts. The electric lights go off at 9:30 each night, but he frequently operates by the light of an old Army field lantern. When he has free time, he helps train nurses.

As the year in Africa nears an end, Dr. Wickett has the air of a man who has been granted his dreams of the Dark Continent and Christian service.

"You get the feeling," he says humbly, "that what you're doing would not be done if you weren't here."

Leaving California last year, the Wicketts posed for this snapshot. From left, they are: Anne, 16; Kay, 9; Susan, 7; Bud, 8; Jean; Dr. Bill, and Al, 15.

Al (right) spends much time traveling to outlying native villages, driving the truck for the minister, showing health films, and assisting at special worship services.

Tribal rites have been abandoned by natives like this attractive bride, whose European-style gown and veil are admired by Kay and Susan.

Anne (below) enjoys a laugh as friendly native boys rushing to greet her become suddenly shy when they spot the camera focusing on them.

Kay tries to imitate a graceful native woman as they go to fetch the morning milk. On the way home, with the pan full, she wisely didn't try the same stunt.

He Took His Family Along

(*concluded*)

IN GOING to Africa, Dr. Wickett revealed a rich new vein of Christian opportunity. Another doctor already has asked to relieve him, and the Methodist Board of Missions may base a new program of short-term medical missions on his tour.

Under this plan, top specialists would be invited to Africa for intensive tours of service. All chest operations then might be scheduled for a single month, and a thoracic surgeon flown in to perform them.

In Fullerton, reaction indicates ample support for such a plan. First Methodist Church has given $1,700 to the "Wickett" mission, and once-skeptical fellow doctors and a Catholic hospital have donated surgical instruments worth $3,000.

Soon the Wicketts will be back in Fullerton. But their year in Africa will not be forgotten—by them, by those they served, or by those who follow their new path to greater service.

Dr. and Mrs. Wickett and Susan pause to visit with the Rev. John Jijita after services in the mission's modern Methodist church.

NEWS of the world parish

INVESTMENTS IN LOAN FUND UP 550 PER CENT

Investments by individuals, institutions, and organizations in the Methodist Investment Fund have increased 5½ times in the past 12 months, reports Dr. H. Conwell Snoke, Philadelphia, Pa., fund president.

The fund was established in January, 1960, as a pool in which Methodists could place money at a favorable interest rate (5 per cent), with the capital then made available for church-building loans. Outside money placed in the fund has increased from $157,000 a year ago to $869,000 at present. Assets include an additional $500,000 investment by the Division of National Missions.

Dr. Snoke, also general secretary of the Division of National Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions (sponsoring agency of the fund), said that during the last 12 months, investments have been made by Methodist individuals, colleges, local churches, hospitals, magazines, children's homes, and annual-conference pension funds.

Loans to churches total $971,000, he said.

Churches to which loans are made from the fund pay interest of 5.5 per cent. The additional .5 per cent goes to increase the fund's assets. The minimum which may be invested in the fund is $1,000.

The Rev. Homer Vanderpool, Methodist pastor in Owensboro, Ky., has been appointed promotional director of the fund and will seek investments from all possible Methodist sources, Dr. Snoke said.

Schedule Radio-TV Workshop

The E. Stanley Jones Institute of Communicative Arts will hold its fourth annual workshop on *The Art of Preaching and Communications* at the Protestant Radio and Television Center in Atlanta, Ga., June 27-July 13.

Although largely sponsored by The Methodist Church and Emory University, Atlanta, the workshop is open to all denominations.

E. Stanley Jones Institute, an interdenominational project, was started five years ago. Future plans call for a large center to house the institute on a site opposite the Radio-Television Center on the Emory campus. Cost of the completed center will be about $4 million.

Major speaker for the workshop will be Malcolm Boyd of St. Paul's House Episcopal Center at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. He is the author of *Crisis in Communications.*

The workshop leaders include Dr. G. Ray Jordan, Dr. E. Clinton Gardner, Dr. G. Ross Freeman, and George Neely, all of Candler School of Theology; Carl Degen, Protestant Radio and Television Center; and Haskell Boyter, manager of WETV, Atlanta.

Some of the laboratory work of the seminar will be done at WETV, an educational television station.

'Crusade' Tape Available

A 30-minute taped radio program on Crusade Scholars, narrated by Peter Roberts, NBC news commentator, is being made available to radio stations throughout the world.

The program, *Freedom's Witness,* was produced by the Joint Radio-Television Commission of the Southeastern Jurisdiction at the request of the NBC network. It is being distributed internationally by the Protestant Radio-Television Center in Atlanta, Ga.

Methodism's Crusade-Scholar program bears some similarity to the Peace Corps proposed by President John F. Kennedy. It began in 1948 as a means of providing better training for Christians who will be the leaders of tomorrow in the world's underdeveloped and communist-threatened countries.

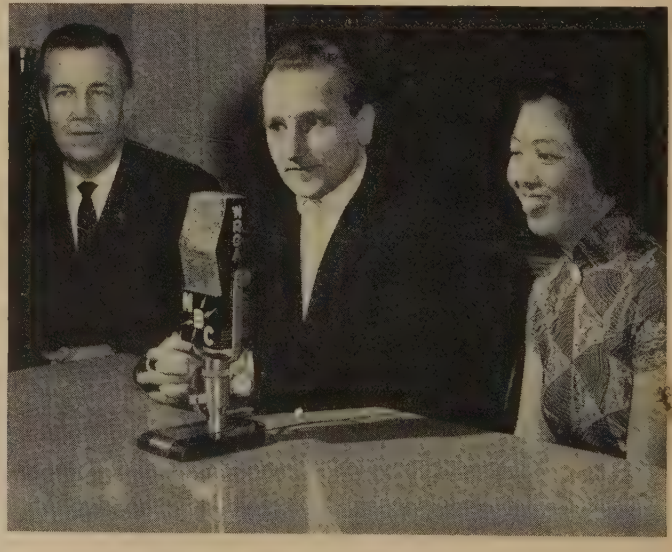
In 16 years, 1,135 Crusade Scholars have continued their professional studies in 116 U.S. institutions, at the expense of The Methodist Church, then returned to their own countries. Still more have studied in 15 other countries.

The project is directed by the Methodist Board of Missions.

Goodwill Industries Report Record Service, Earnings

Goodwill Industries, the nation's largest private program for employing the handicapped, last year served 42,000 persons, paid $25 million in wages, and earned income of more than $40 million—a gain of 15.7 per cent over 1959.

These figures were contained in a report by Dr. Percy J. Trevethan, executive vice-president of Goodwill In-



Participating in the Crusade Scholars taped broadcasts are, left to right, (first picture) Elie Kaputo, Congo; T. Thangaraj, India; and Peter Roberts, NBC commentator; (second picture) Bishop James K. Mathews, Boston, Mass.; Horst Flachsmeier, England, and Tomoko Hata, Japan. Dr. Ivy Chou of China, also a participant, is not shown.

The new Evangelical Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, West Berlin, Germany, is rising beside the half-shattered tower of the old church named for Wilhelm I, first Kaiser of modern Germany. "Old Faithful" will remain, but the $1.5 million octagonal church will be used for the house of worship.

dustries of America, Inc., and director of the Methodist Board of Missions' department of Goodwill Industries. The Goodwill program was founded in 1902 by a Methodist minister.

Citing a strong public-relations program for wider acceptance of the Goodwill effort, Dr. Trevethan said more than 6 million households now support the organization's efforts through usable discards.

During the past three years, he added, more than $6 million has been spent for new buildings providing better service to handicapped people. Over the same period, the federal government has allocated more than $2.2 million to 57 Goodwill Industries. The last four grants, totaling more than $150,000, have been for expansion of services to the mentally retarded and ill.

"The expansion of state-federal vocational services," said Dr. Trevethan, "has created a climate in which Goodwill Industries has become a firm working partner with our federal government in a demonstration and research program."

Taiwan Membership Growing

Methodist membership in Taiwan increased 14 per cent during 1960 and 118 per cent during the last four years, reports Mrs. Ralph A. Ward, Methodist news correspondent for Taiwan.

Mrs. Ward, wife of the late Bishop Ward and now a Methodist missionary to Taiwan, said the latest figures show 1,447 Methodists in Taiwan. This represents a numerical increase of 170 from 1959, when the Rev. Donald MacInnis of Woodmont, Conn., missionary and Taiwan District superintendent, reported 1,277 Methodists on the island.

U.S. Urged to Eliminate Bias in Immigration Quotas

Frequent criticism by churchmen of U.S. immigration policies came to a focus recently at a Washington, D.C. meeting sponsored by the National Council of Churches.

Some 200 prominent Protestant leaders, including a score of Methodists, heard the pros and cons, spoke their minds on the quota system of entry for refugees and displaced persons, and ended the sessions by framing a strongly worded statement.

"We are critical and ashamed," said the 160 voting delegates, "of the present basis of the quota system, based on the U.S. white population of 1920." They urged drastic revision to end all racial or regional discrimination in the application of quotas, also demanding that the same standard of justice applied to native-born Americans be applied to naturalized citizens.

The churches should take more seriously their responsibility in working for solutions to world social problems underlying causes of migration, the statement concluded.

The Hon. Felix Schnyder, UN High Commissioner for Refugees, in his first U.S. address since taking office, reminded the meeting that many of the 6,300 refugees qualifying for entry lack the required sponsorship, and recommended that the churches aid in resettling them.

Methodists at the meeting, which was codirected by Church World Service

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Faith Methodist Church
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Shown following the election of officers at the annual Associated Church Press convention in Chicago, Ill., are, left to right, Edwin H. Maynard, president, editor of The Methodist Story*; Alfred P. Klausler, executive secretary, editor of the* Walther League Messenger; *William P. Lipphard, retiring executive secretary, and Benjamin Browne, retiring president and* Baptist Leader *editor.*

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

JULY

8-17—Orientation Workshop for Workers with Indian Americans and National Fellowship of Indian Workers, Estes Park, Colo.

14—Meeting of Executive Committee, Association of Methodist Historical Societies, Lake Junaluska, N.C.

14-16—Third National Conference of Methodist Men, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

18-19—Annual meeting Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, Inter-church Center, New York, N.Y.

24-26—Institute of Higher Education, Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General programs—*God's Word and Our Words*, by Bishop James K. Mathews; Circle program—*What Does That Word Mean?* by Mrs. Charles Wegner.

and the NCC department of international affairs, were mainly from the Methodist Board of Missions, the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, and MCOR.

Our immigration laws are in the "deep freeze of the past," declared Sen. Kenneth B. Keating (R.-N.Y.) while Rep. Francis E. Walter (R.-Pa.), cosponsor of the oft-criticized McCarran-Walter Act, spoke in defense of U.S. policies. Sen. Keating said that proposals he has cosponsored in the new Congress would provide for entry of some political refugees and other persecuted persons as parolees, for some 40,000 refugee-escapees, including 5,000 "hard-core" cases, and elimination of racial discrimination in the so-called Pacific Triangle. He lauded Church World Service efforts, which he said have been a "major factor in preserving the true and undistorted American image abroad."

TV Bible Study Spreading

A highly successful television course on Bible subjects, which began three years ago in Washington, D.C., is spreading to other cities. [See *Bible Study by Television,* September, 1959, page 62.]

First cities to begin the complete 78-week course are Indianapolis, Ind., and Atlanta, Ga. In Indianapolis, viewers may enroll for college credit given by Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle. Watchers in Georgia will be eligible for certificates from Emory University, also Methodist-related. Portions of the series have appeared elsewhere.

Beginning with a 13-week series on *The Life of Jesus,* the televised course is taught by Dr. Edward W. Bauman of Wesley Theological Seminary. Viewers in Washington, D.C., where the courses originated, received academic credit from the American University, a Methodist-related school.

Although it began as a project of American University and the National Capital Area Council of Churches on WMAL-TV, filming and wide distribution have been made possible by a two-year, $174,700 grant to American University from Lilly Endowment, Inc.

New Dead Sea Discovery

Flawlessly written legal and administrative documents from the second century are among the 40 or more papyri and scrolls found recently in the Judean wilderness near the Dead Sea.

Dr. Yigael Yadin, professor of archeology at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, said that the documents exceeded in "clarity of language, beauty of script, and wealth of detail all documents hitherto discovered of that period."

Methodist Women to Meet In Oslo August 12-14

The World Federation of Methodist Women will convene in closed sessions August 12-14, in Oslo, Norway, to confer on ways women can further meet the vast needs of a changing world.

Delegates will represent more than

Prospective customers at the Bible Society bookstore, Chicago, Ill., examine the New English Bible (*New Testament portion*) *which recently went on sale all over the world. It is reported to be a best seller in England and the U.S.*

8 million Methodist women in 44 countries, and will concentrate most of their time on problems of illiteracy, polygamy, the rights of married women, and the rights of children.

From August 14 to 16 the Federation will hold general sessions open to all Methodist women in Oslo at the time, including delegates to the World Methodist Conference meeting, August 17-25, also in Oslo.

Russians Apply to WCC

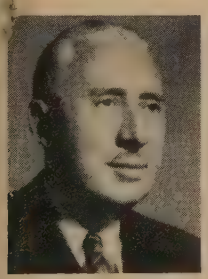
The Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church has made formal application for membership in the World Council of Churches.

Announcement of the application was issued simultaneously at a meeting of U.S. WCC delegates in Buck Hill Falls, Pa., and at WCC headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland.

The WCC's Third Assembly, which begins in New Delhi, India, November 18, will act on the application along with eight or more from other groups, among them two Pentecostal bodies in Chile and a Moravian church in South Africa.

Sockman Receives Citation

The 1961 *Upper Room* Citation has been presented to Dr. Ralph W. Sockman for the second straight year.



Dr. Sockman

Dr. Sockman has served Christ Church (Methodist) in New York City for 44 years and has conducted the radio program, *National Radio Pulpit,* since 1936.

The annual citation for outstanding contributions to world Christian fellowship was presented by the editor of *The Upper Room,* Dr. J. Manning Potts.

The Upper Room, a daily devotional guide, is published by the Methodist Board of Evangelism, Nashville, Tenn., in 32 languages. It is used by people of many denominations.

Nine American Ministers To Occupy Foreign Pulpits

Nine American Methodist ministers will exchange pulpits this summer with clergymen in England, Scotland, and—for the first time—Switzerland. Two of the exchanges will be for one year. Other exchanges with Australia, Sweden, and Latin America are expected before the year is out.

"Enlargement of the program to world-wide proportions is another indication that it is the best method of drawing more closely together the 18 million plus Methodists around the world," said Bishop T. Otto Nall of Minneapolis, Minn., who has had charge of the American phase of the program for two years. Dr. A. Stanley Leyland of London handled planning for the British Conference.

The following exchanges are scheduled:

The Rev. Richard S. Monkman, the Bronx, New York, and the Rev. Ivor P. Sealey of Glasgow, Scotland.

Dr. Chester A. Pennington of Hennepin Avenue Church, Minneapolis, Minn., and the Rev. Arnold H. Cooper of Hinde Street Church, London.

The Rev. John W. Chatam, Okolona, Miss., and the Rev. Ernest W. Odell, who heads London's Funsbury Park Circuit.

The Rev. C. Earl Livengood of Jerome Church, Springfield, Ill., and the Rev. Harry G. Hillman of the Barry Circuit, Somerset.

The Rev. John H. Blakemore of Centenary Church, Lynchburg, Va., and the Rev. Cyril Eastwood of Trinity Church, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

The Rev. Paul C. Bailey, Orrville, Ohio, and the Rev. Norman Eastwood, Prestayn, Flintshire, Wales.

The Rev. Charles H. Jack, Berea, Ohio, and the Rev. Arthur R. Burch, Reading, Berkshire.

The Rev. Charles L. Austin, New Canaan, Conn., and the Rev. Thomas Russell, pastor at Sutton Coldfield and head of the Sutton Park Circuit in suburban Birmingham.

The pioneer exchange with Switzerland involves the Rev. S. L. Nussbaum of Centralia, Mo., and the Rev. Paul Handshin, pastor of a German-speaking congregation at Lausanne.

Methodist Schools Get Loans

The U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency has granted loans to five Methodist schools, primarily for construction of student dormitories or dining facilities.

They are Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y. ($3 million); Tennessee

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER's Century Club this month adds the name of another Methodist who has celebrated 100 birthdays and is eligible for membership. She is:

Mrs. J. H. Upson, 100, Vinton, Va.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older will be listed as received from readers. Please allow two months for publication.

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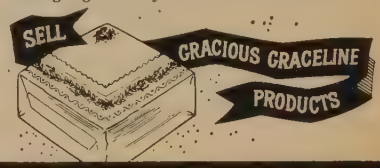

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Among historical material found in a basement safe at Old St. George's Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., was this hymnal in John Wesley's handwriting.

Wesleyan College, Athens, Tenn. ($800,000); Athens College, Athens, Ala. ($175,000); Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. ($675,000), and Louisburg College, Louisburg, N.C. ($200,000). [For a pro and con discussion of the propriety of such loans, see *Should Church-Related Colleges Accept Federal Support?* April, page 34.]

Pessimistic but Hopeful

Speeches and discussions during the recent seventh National Conference on World Disarmament and Development in Washington, D.C., were both pessimistic and hopeful. They were pessimistic about chances for immediate disarmament, but hopeful because of increasing opportunities for both talk and action.

Dr. Darrell Randall, a Methodist layman who is associate executive director of the National Council of Churches' department of international affairs, declared, "We need to be willing to pay for peace as well as to pray for peace."

"I have hope for disarmament, because there is no hope without it," said Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D.-Minn.), "but there will be no peace in a world of hungry, miserable, sick, and distressed people."

Victor Reuther, assistant to the president of the United Auto Workers union and a Methodist layman, said, "Even now we need to find 50,000 new jobs each week, but in transition to disarmament we will need to find 75,000." He added: "You cannot have disarmament unless you also have increased humanitarian development."

Old Safe Yields History

An old, long-unopened safe, found in the basement of Old St. George's Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has yielded historical records of early Methodism [see *The Three Roots of American Methodism,* November, 1959, page 25].

A letter written by John Wesley, Methodism's founder, and a first edition of Wesley's hymnal were found in the safe.

Other items included handwritten minutes of early Philadelphia Methodist conferences, including some signed by Francis Asbury, America's first Methodist bishop, and by William McKendree, first native-born Methodist bishop.

Castro Nationalizes All Cuban Methodist Schools

All Methodist schools in Cuba have been nationalized by the Castro government, reports the Methodist Board of Missions.

The 22 schools, including 16 run by local churches, had a total enrollment of approximately 5,000.

It is not known what happened at the agricultural and industrial school at Mayari, or Union Evangelical Seminary at Matanzas, but the take-over included Candler, the only Methodist university in Latin America.

Until nationalization, all private schools had been required to use the standard curriculum provided by the government, but were free to hire their own teachers and teach Bible courses.

Church schools taken over include Wesley school at Santiago de las Vegas,

Central Methodist in Havana, a school at Santa Clara and several not so large.

Large Methodist *colegios* (elementary through high school) seized were Buena Vista, in Marianao; Irene Toland at Matanzas; Pinson, at Camaguey and Eliza Bowman, in Cienfuegos.

Meanwhile, the executive committee of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns released a statement opposing any government's "unilateral military intervention in the internal affairs" of Cuba or other nations.

The statement was issued with the authorization of the recent Methodist Convocation on Christian Social Concerns in Washington, D.C. It suggested that an attempt should be made by the U.S. government "to re-establish communication with the Cuban government in an effort to achieve a satisfactory resolution of outstanding differences through negotiations."

Bishop Kennedy Challenges Welch to 'Get Specific'

Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, Calif., has challenged Robert Welch, head of the controversial John Birch Society, to ". . . get specific or else admit that you really do not know what you are talking about."

A charge by Welch that 7,000 of the nation's 200,000 Protestant ministers are either Communists or communist sympathizers drew the challenge from Bishop Kennedy.

At press time, Welch still had not replied to Bishop Kennedy's challenge, which was issued by telegram.

Also in California, the Rev. Arthur E. Harrington, pastor of La Habra Methodist Church, Santa Ana, has filed a $150,000 suit against Welch, Dr. James F. Garry, and 30 John Does. The suit charges that Dr. Garry, described as a member of the Birch Society, said in the presence of witnesses: "Rev. Harrington, of La Habra, who is a Communist, period."

New Board Members Named

The Council of Bishops has filled vacancies in the boards of general church agencies and appointed additional reserve delegates to the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches in New Delhi, India, late this year.

Two changes involved the Board of Christian Social Concerns: Oliver Emmerich of McComb, Miss., replaces John Satterfield of Jackson, Miss., who had resigned; Dr. J. Edward Carothers of Schenectady, N.Y., replaces President James P. Brawley of Atlanta, Ga., as a member of the Interboard Commission on the Local Church representing the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

The following persons were elected:

Commission on Church Union—Jesse W. Fox, Fort Wayne, Ind., replacing Lloyd M. Bertholf, Bloomington, Ill, resigned.

Executive Committee of the World Methodist Council—Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, Chicago, Ill., replacing Ray Nichols, Vernon, Tex., resigned.

Board of Hospitals and Homes—Bishop Everett W. Palmer, Seattle, Wash., replacing Bishop Bachman G. Hodge, deceased.

Methodist Corporation—Bishop W. Vernon Middleton, Pittsburgh, Pa., re-

Engaged in conversation at the National Methodist Convocation on Christian Social Concerns are (from left): Undersecretary of State Chester Bowles; Dr. Charles A. Malik, former president, UN General Assembly; Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, president, Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns; and Bishop John Wesley Lord, head of the board's Temperance and Social Concern Division.

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Together

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An equestrian statue of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, recently was placed at the Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C. British movie maker J. Arthur Rank was the donor of the statue.

placing Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, resigned.

Board of Missions—Dr. J. Walter Brower, San Antonio, Tex., replacing Dr. Donald A. Redmond now of New York.

General Board of the National Council of Churches—Richard Thigpen, Sr., Charlotte, N.C., replacing Gordon Haynes, Winston-Salem, N.C., resigned; George Procter, Andalusia, Ala., replacing Reber Boult, Nashville, Tenn.

General Board of the National Council of Churches—Dr. Gerald McCulloh, Nashville, Tenn., to a vacancy resulting from the election of Bishop John Wesley Lord as vice-president of the board.

Bishop Ferdinand Sigg, Zurich, Switzerland, was elected to represent the Council of Bishops at the centenary of Italian Methodism, and Bishop Mathew W. Clair, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., was elected representative to the Foundation Conference of the Methodist Church in Ghana.

Bishop Hazen G. Werner, Columbus, Ohio, was appointed liaison representative to the Methodist Church of Korea.

Sees 10 Million Membership

Dr. Harry Denman, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, believes total Methodist membership in the U.S. will reach 10 million after 1961 annual conference reports are completed. He made his forecast at the board's annual meeting.

The Methodist Church, largest Protestant body in the U.S., had 9,910,741 members in 1960. U.S. membership has increased 975,094 since 1950.

During the next 40 years, Dr. Denman predicted, "a spiritual explosion" will occur in the world.

Bishop W. Angie Smith, Oklahoma City, president of the board, declared that "Christianity is neither dead nor dying. If you believe it be dead or dying, then I would examine myself and not Christianity."

Youth Assembly in August

More than 2,000 young people will participate next month in one of the most inclusive gatherings of Christian youth ever planned for North America —the North American Ecumenical Youth Assembly on the University of Michigan campus, Ann Arbor, Mich., August 16-23.

Forty communions—predominantly Protestant and Orthodox—from Canada and the U.S. will be represented.

Young Christian leaders will gather to study and exchange ideas.

Dr. Laubach Asked to Help Train Peace Corps Members

World-famed Christian missionary Dr. Frank Laubach has been asked to help train members of President Kennedy's proposed Peace Corps.

Dr. Laubach is a pioneer in literacy training whose teams have taught people in 101 countries to read 297 languages.

A recent statement from the Methodist Board of Missions hailed the Peace Corps as a "creative proposal" and cited it as a new pattern through which the denomination's young men and women "can make their Christian witness in this day."

No China Aid Possible

Dr. Earle H. Ballou, acting director of the National Council of Churches' Church World Service Overseas Program, has declared that "there is nothing we can do" to aid the millions in mainland China who are starving.

CWS has received many letters asking why something is not being done.

"Not only do the laws of this country [U.S.] make it illegal to send food or anything else to China," Dr. Ballou explained, "but the Chinese Communist government does not want outside aid and will not accept it."

Methodists in the News

Walter L. Seaman, Nashville, Tenn., vice-president in charge of the Cokesbury (retail) Division of the Methodist Publishing House, is the new president of the Protestant Church-Owned Publishers' Association.

Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, president of Ohio Wesleyan University from 1948 to 1958, is the new president of the University of Oregon.

Dr. D. D. Holt has become the fifth

Hand-E Hang-R—On ironing day is the house festooned with freshly ironed clothes? Hang them within arm's reach on this steel and alum. rack. Fastens to board with screw clamps, folds flat after use. Holds a dozen shirts or other clothes. Saves steps. $1.98.
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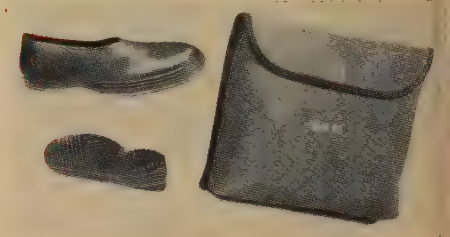

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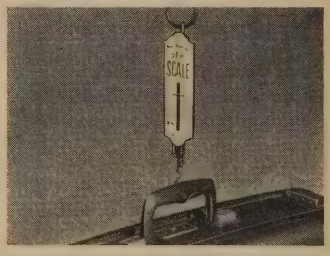
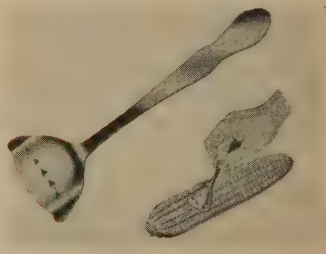


Weigh-All—Scaled to suit the household for convenience. Handles up to 50 lbs. Weigh luggage before flying. Check laundry; don't overload the washer. Weigh parcels at home; why stand in line at the P.O.? Weigh foods, meats. Spring balance, aluminum; accurate. $1.
Jane Reef, Box 1561, Dept. R-65, Beverly Hills, Calif.



Corn Slitter—A happy tool for those who love corn on the cob, but not kernels in the teeth. Draw it down cob; five tiny prongs slit the rows of kernels so you get only the tasty meat. A boon to older corn lovers. Stainless steel, 5″ long. Set of 4, $2. Two sets, $3.50.
Breck's of Boston, 294 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

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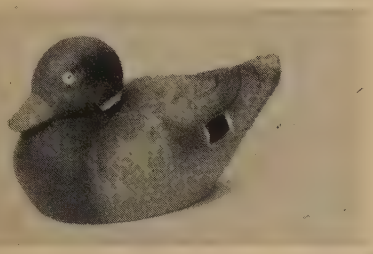

Happy Li'l Fella—Swimming toy for the back-yard play pool. Miniature mallard looks almost real bobbing on the waves. Even babies like this bathtub pal. Natural looking in a garden pond. Ducky for a sportsman's den. Buoyant fiber, nontoxic colors, 4½x6½. $1.
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Charmers—Grace and refinement are expressed so well in these comely children, sculptured by Houdon, 18th century French master. Fine reproductions enhance the home, help the family become more appreciative of good art. Chalk white or antique ivory. Pr., $5.95.
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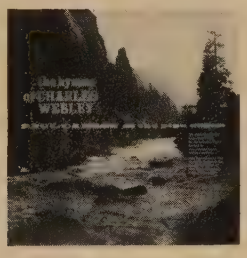

Wesley Hymns—You'll find yourself uplifted, listening with new appreciation to these 11 beloved hymns of Charles Wesley played on the pipe organ. 33 1/3 rpm hi-fi or stereo record, $4.98. Catalogue of religious records, tapes, club memberships available.
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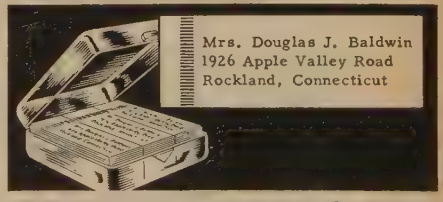

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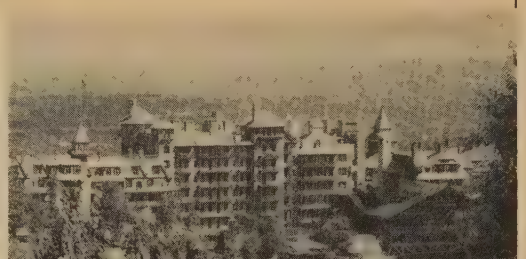

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

Give at the Sign of the Ringing Bell!

(THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY TOGETHER)

president of Scarritt College, Nashville.

The Rev. Carl Staser, Jonesville, Mich., a former Arkansas 4-Her, has been named a 1961 national winner of the 4-H Alumni Recognition Award.

The Rev. James J. Bingham, Quakertown, Pa., the only living Marine chaplain of World War I, has relinquished all pastoral work at the age of 84. Although he retired in May, 1949, at the age of 72, he was appointed as Quakertown supply pastor.

Dr. Francis O. Wilcox, former chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has been named dean of the School of Advanced International Studies, Washington, D.C., a division of Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Gordon Elliott Michalson has been installed as the 10th president of Methodist-related MacMurray College at Jacksonville, Ill.

The Rev. Walter B. Williams, 93, of St. Petersburg, Fla., has been decorated with the Liberian Humane Order of African Redemption. The decoration was in recognition of 25 years of missionary service in Liberia.

Murray A. Wilson, Salina, Kansas, has been elected president of the National Society of Professional Engineers.

New Use for Old *Togethers*

Do your back copies of TOGETHER lie stashed away, unused, because you hate to throw them away? If so, you'll welcome this chance to put them to good use by sharing them with hospitals, libraries, and other institutions.

From time to time, we'll carry names and addresses of institutions which write us they'd enjoy having your unused back issues. You'll be doing a good turn—and clearing up your storage problem, too—by sending discarded copies this month to:

Fred L. Glisson, Chaplain
Emory University Hospital
Atlanta 22, Ga.

Amos N. Kirby
Carraway Methodist Hospital
2506 16th Avenue, North
Birmingham 4, Ala.

Homer E. Cole, Chaplain
Green Haven Prison
Stormville, N.Y.

Paul E. England, Director
The Methodist Home
400 Main Street
Danbury, Conn.

Claude M. McClure, Chaplain
Methodist Hospital
Indianapolis 7, Ind.

CAMERA CLIQUE

You're Invited: We're proud of this month's eight-page pictorial color feature, Album of Methodist Americana *[pages 37-44], but the final credit for its success goes to you camera-carrying readers. Once again for this, our fifth Photo Invitational feature, you responded magnificently. And again, our biggest problem was selecting the relatively few submissions we could use—for we received hundreds of top quality.*

In fact, since we first asked to see your treasured slides for our 1957 America the Beautiful *invitational, we've viewed more than 50,000 of them! Assuming that each of you submitted one slide out of every dozen in your collection, and that you discarded half the original film you exposed, we judge you Methodist shutterbugs have exposed close to a million frames of film!*

You'll probably want to check the photo credits and exposure data listed below, showing which cameras, speeds, and lens settings our Americana photographers used to take their pictures. Perhaps these will help you capture better photos—and a spot in a future issue.

Before your cameras cool, we'd like to remind you that we're now accepting transparencies to illustrate Frank Mason North's hymn, Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life, *announced on page 79 of our June issue. So keep those slides coming!*

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—Vernon E. Winters • Page 15—RNS • 16—Culver • 22 Bot.—Peter Pruyn • 23 Bot.—Kislek • 24—R. H. Peebles • 25—Harold Flecknoe • 29—American Red Cross • 34 —Arthur Knight • 36—A. Devaney • 45—Lorenz Boyd • 46—Courtesy *World Outlook* • 52—Ylla • 62-63-64-65—Ray Wilson • 66—Maurey Garber • 67-68-71—RNS • 72—Gordon Stick • 75—Dick Peterson • 76 Top & 78—Herb Queller • 76 Bot.—Carole Trenholm • 77 Top L.—Cathy Pugh, Top R.—Bill Mason, Bot.—Dian Queller • 79—Mrs. Fred Bayless • 2-3-30-31-32-33-48—George P. Miller.

Photo credits and exposure data for *Album of Methodist Americana* (all film Kodachrome unless otherwise stated):

Page 37—Luella J. Goodridge, St. Petersburg, Fla., Retina Reflex S, 1/30 at f/11 • 38 L.—Daris E. Hubbard, Fremont, Nebr., Argus C3, 1/50 at f/7, Top—Rev. W. G. Smeltzer, Vandergrift, Pa., Retina IIIc, 1/60 at f/5.6, Bot.—P. L. Nielsen, Bozeman, Mont., Zeiss Ikon, 1/60 at f/8 • 39 Top—Robert W. Higbee, Santa Monica, Calif., Argus C3, 1/50 at f/5.6, Bot.—Louis K. Davis, Phoenixville, Pa., Contax II, 1/50 at f/5.6 • 40 Bot. L.—Ruth E. Bennett, Madison, N.J., Bolsey C, 1/50 at f/8 • 40-41 Top—Mrs. Clare J. Nebergall, Tipton, Iowa, Pony 1/50 at f/8, Bot.—Dr. Hugh S. Deale, Bloomington, Ind., Ricohflex, 1/50 at f/8, Ektachrome • 41 Top R.—Gertrude McFarland, Dalton, Ga., Argus C3, 1/50 at f/5.6, Cen. R.—Parham H. Williams, Jr., Lexington, Miss., Signet, 1/50 at f/8, Bot. R.—Mrs. S. A. Wood, Gage, Okla., Argus C3, 1/50 at f/8 • 42 Top—William Mitchell, Elizabeth, N.J., Graphic, 1/2 at f/16, Ektachrome, Bot. L.—Lee A. Ranck, Washington, D.C., Nikon, 1/60 at f/5.6, Bot. R.—Rev. W. G. Smeltzer, Vandergrift, Pa., Argus C3, 1/25 at f/3.5 • 43 Top—Erma Underwood, Midland, Tex., Leica M3, 1/30 at f/8, Bot. L.—Mrs. Mary Joe Frazer, Cincinnati, Ohio, Argus C3, 1/50 at f/8, Bot. R.—Beulah Nunn, Fineview, N.Y., Brownie Starflash, Ektachrome • 44 Top—Charlotte R. White, Bridgeville, Del., Vitessa T, 1/60 at f/8, Bot.—Harrison Church, Lebanon, Ill., Signet, 1/25 at f/4.5 with blue flashbulb.

FEEDING FIFTY

Let's Talk About Vegetables

Oklahoma tries out a Colorado recipe for piquant, colorful green beans.

WE WOMEN do plenty of fussing over new ideas for main dishes and desserts, but often we forget to give vegetables the same attention: This is too bad, because they probably need more "glamorizing" than any other part of the meal—for who of us wasn't told, as a child, to "eat them all, now, they're good for you," no matter how they tasted?

So I was pleased to find that the First Methodist Church in Oklahoma City was interested in new ways to cook green beans, one of the most served of all vegetables. In the South or Southwest, they're often boiled with bacon or dry salt pork. Elsewhere, you may find them served just with butter and seasoning; or with mushrooms, celery, slivered almonds, or other ingredients imaginative cooks have added for taste interest.

With all this running through my head, I made a quick survey of some of the best cooks I know—and some of the most appreciative eaters—and discovered Savory Green Beans from Wiley, in eastern Colorado.

These beans aren't dramatically different, but they're valuable for church meals, I think, because the recipe calls for canned beans (easy to use) and pimentos (which add color to a plate). Mrs. F. A. Carlin, who has followed a favorite recipe for many a covered-dish dinner at Wiley Methodist Church, gave me her well-tested version.

First Church in Oklahoma City served the beans at a dinner for the Young Adult Conference for the state of Oklahoma, and the 350 guests took note—and approved. The rest of the menu included turkey and dressing, parsley potatoes, cranberry salad, hot rolls, apple pie, and, of course, coffee or tea.

Here's how to make Savory Green Beans for 50 people:

SAVORY GREEN BEANS

2½ No. 10 cans green beans
(or 8 No. 3 cans)
¾ cup cider vinegar
1½ pounds margarine
13 large pimentos
salt and pepper

Boil down beans. Add other ingredients. Simmer to blend flavors.

Boiling down the beans thoroughly is important, says Mrs. Vera Morgan, in charge of the busy Oklahoma City church kitchen, and so is plenty of simmering. Don't hurry either process, she adds.

Mrs. Morgan is used to feeding 250 or more at fellowship dinners, and on special occasions as many as 500 may sit down to a meal. An assistant helps her in the kitchen, and WSCS circle members act as hostesses, table setters, and waitresses.

First Church, now with 2,300 members, dates back to the historic "run" for homesteads in Oklahoma Territory. It was on April 28, 1889, just six days after the official start of the "run," that Methodist settlers held their first meeting on a spot not far from where the present church stands. The building now in use was built in 1904, but the kitchen—anything but outmoded—is a roomy, convenient workroom with walk-in pantry and a good-sized appliance room.

I'd like to hear about your church kitchen, too, and the meals that come out of it. I'm also looking for church cookbooks. Do let me hear from you.

—SALLY WESLEY

How can you "take" flowers without picking them? Try using a camera!

Hobby Alley

Sunday-School Shutterbugs

"HEY! Take a picture of this—whatever it is!"

"Yeah, and this one will look good in color!"

Stooping, squatting, squinting, and posing, the seven 12-year-olds and their two adult companions roamed New York City's Museum of Modern Art, cameras on the ready. Blasé New Yorkers—who expect, but seldom notice the unexpected—stopped to stare. Few could have guessed, however, that this was a Sunday-school class of sixth-graders on a camera-clicking spree that would take them on an 11-hour scramble through the city's parks, museums, gardens, and automats in pursuit of a group hobby.

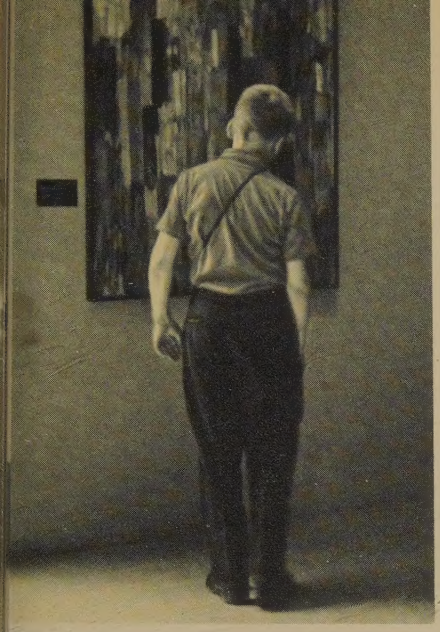
Credit for steering the youngsters' enthusiasm to the art of photography goes to Herb Queller, their Sunday-school teacher at Aldersgate Methodist Church of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. An experienced photographer, he doesn't just say, "We're going on a field trip." Nearly a year of instruction in photography comes first. For there is more—much more—to photography than simply aiming a camera and snapping a shutter.

Then, one day last summer, the boys and girls headed cityward with cameras of all shapes and sizes. Some of the results of their shutterbug tour are shown on these pages.

It was inevitable that Herb's interest in capturing New York City's multitude of attractions on film should fire the imagination of his class—and also of his wife, Dian, who usually accompanies the group.

In the art-gallery gardens they squirmed among bronze pipes to photograph *Our Show Stopper,* a three-story high piece of art resembling a monkey bar. Reloading their cameras, they whizzed through the city's Museum of Natural History—

To portray the "future," Johnny Gray photographed clouds, now double exposes the film to show "men flying in space."



His camera momentarily forgotten, a bewildered shutterbug sizes up an abstract painting in New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Flags flying from his cart, a corner vendor makes a fine subject for the color camera as he hawks his wares to strollers in Central Park.

A hard-working artist in his roadside studio caught the eye of Dian Queller, shutterbug chaperone.

from prehistoric mammals to contemporary life—at a breathless pace. They snapped the beautiful hangings in the Whitney Museum, looked for picturesque subjects in sunny Central Park, and sniffed photogenic flowers in the gardens of Fort Tryon's monastery grounds, the Cloisters. (See top photo, page 76.)

Finally, the tireless, ever-hungry shutterbugs agreed they had seen enough, and the Quellers aimed their station wagon toward home. We say "tireless, ever-hungry" because the class also sandwiched in visits to a session of Methodism's New York Annual Conference, the Museum for the Young, and *three* eateries.

Can your church group match these Methodist camera hobbyists for enthusiasm, energy—or appetite?

In the city's heart, teacher-photographer Queller sees a stark symphony of bare branches and tall towers.

Golden yield: Photo by Mrs. Fred E. Bayless, a reader in Pennington, N. J.

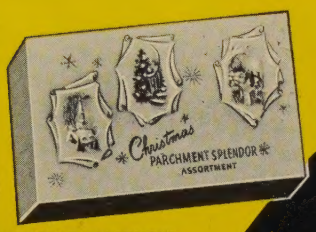
July

The opulent harvest crowds upon the field,
Stretching its fences with the golden yield.
The sun, stirred in by April's early plow
Comes bursting through where wheat is standing now.
The small boy heads for the willow pool he knows,
With dust that's talcum soft between his toes.
The rooster stands with cantilevered wings,
Gaping at all the hardly moving things.
The locusts' bows rasp on the rosined noon
Where crickets try to fiddle up the tune.
Bright buttercups and daisies line the road,
And halfway down the bean row pants the toad.
These are the scenes that fill the salt-hot eye,
There is no other time quite like July.

—Ralph W. Seager

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try



CHRISTMAS PARCHMENT SPLENDOR ASSORTMENT
21 deluxe parchment cards of rare beauty. Supreme

PARCHMENT CHARM ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
21 luxurious parchment cards in 2 popular sizes. Excitingly different

$75.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 100 boxes of our Christmas Parchment Splendor Card assortment, $32.50 for selling 50 boxes, $15.00 for 25 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Christmas Cards. Cut out Business Reply Card below — mail it today — and free samples of personalized Christmas Cards and stationery — plus other leading boxes will be sent you immediately on approval for 30 day free trial with full details of our easy money-making plan. No experience necessary.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

Last year some folks made only $25 to $50 while others made $150 – $250 – $500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year. Everybody buys Christmas cards.

WINTER BEAUTY CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 exquisite cards with an original, artistic use of color. Stunning

CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 gay, colorful giant sheets plus matching gift tags. Terrific

WHITE ROSE STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Dainty raised white design on rich blue vellum with charming ribbon tie. Just lovely

HOLY NIGHT CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 reverently beautiful cards with Holiday sentiments and Scripture Verses. An outstanding box

FREE SAMPLES PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fill in Name And Address On Reply Card Below–CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY–No Stamp Necessary

FROM:

Your Name _____

Address _____

_____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT No. 589
White Plains, New York

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

White Plains, New York

Dept. C-20

CUT OUT BUSINESS REPLY CARD AT RIGHT TODAY FILL IN AND MAIL No Stamp Necessary

Cut Along Dotted Line — Mail Today

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. C-20, White Plains, New York